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SMOKE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Beyond the hay-field, shorn and brown,
Over the forest's feathered crown,
Lazily lifts a wreathing spire,
Ghost of the wood set free by fire.

No human dwelling-place I see,
In sombre shade or lonely lea;
The birds and I this lovely weather
Seem left to watch the world together.

But, lonely, yet I know not fear,
Watching the plume of smoke so near;
Knowing that human aid was given
To send that circling up to heaven.

What tale, oh soft, gray spirit, say,
Dost thou from earth to heaven convey?
What scenes of human wo or mirth,
Left you around the cottage hearth?

What story shall you tell the sky,
Of twilight kiss or lonely sigh;
Of dreaming youth, whose castles bright
Show keep and tower of ruddy light?

Of nodding Age, in easy chair,
Reading the past in ashes there;
Of childhood's prayer, of lover's vow,
Of student's pale and bended brow?

I know not what your tale may be,
But there I keep my family;
A fairy household, all unseen
Its gudeman, wife, or forest queen.

All made of dreams, whilst white and still
I see the smoke against the hill;
But draw not near, nor yet inquire
Whose hearth-stone bears the daily fire.

'Tis pleasanter one's dreams to keep
Than to awaken out of sleep;
And no fair family could be
So fair as this I seem to see.

Pictured about the cottage fire,
Beneath yon dim and airy spire,
Uprising like a ransomed soul,
From cares of Earth and Earth's control.

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONTRASTS.

If people are attracted by their opposites, as some hold, there was every reason to expect that a strong sympathy would draw Heywood and Cathcart together; for, they represented in a striking manner contrasting elements. Heywood's face was fine, even beautiful. Blue eyes, chestnut hair, inclining to curl, fine complexion, and fresh color,—need it be said that his was a sanguine temperament? Cathcart's, striking in appearance rather by expression than by positive beauty of features, dark and piercing eyes, features framed both for strength and refinement, black hair;—his temperament, too, could not be mistaken. Heywood's face was genial, and when excited radiant. His whole soul shone through it. Excitement shot fire through every feature of Cathcart's face; but every one felt that more lay behind than was expressed. There was a sense of repressed feeling and reserved enthusiasm. Heywood would flame soonest, Cathcart would burn the longest.

They were contrasted in mental qualities. Barton Cathcart's mind was reflective, Tom Heywood's perceptive. Both were reasoners; but Heywood loved physical facts, and reasoned upon them. Cathcart reasoned more deeply upon relations of facts, and upon more subtle philosophies. As was natural, Heywood loved to reason upon the actions of men, the events of society. Cathcart inclined to the study of the causes of events, the nature of the mind, and the structure of society.

It was natural for Heywood to utter, and to long to utter, whatever he had wrought out in thinking, and he left the impression that in his frankness he had expressed all that he had thought.

On the other hand, Barton Cathcart, without seeming reserved, left the impression that he offered you but a sheaf from a field, and that the reserved treasure far surpassed that revealed.

They were more nearly alike in disposition, but as contrasted as possible in the forms which disposition took on. Heywood's conscience developed in the form of Honor. Cathcart's moral sense had been trained as a deep, reflective, religious feeling, rather than as a social element.

Heywood did right, as in the sight of men; Cathcart, as in the sight of God. Both were kind with great disinterestedness; but in the Southerner it was demonstrative and generous. Less demonstrative in the Northerner, perhaps less prompt, and far less attractive, it endured longer and achieved more. In the one it was a blossom, in the other a fruit.

Heywood had been reared in affluence, and had never learned to work, nor to have sympathy with those who did. Barton Cathcart had been inured from childhood to toil, and was drawn by vital sympathy to all who labored. The Virginian was born to command. He had looked down upon men from the necessity of his social position, there being but two classes in the society in which he was bred—that class in which men must work, and that in which they must not. The New-Englander had been reared in a true democracy, in which classes represented the relative forces of the actors, into which and out of which men passed at their own pleasure, and in which there were few leaders and no aristocracy, except that which was conferred by the consent of all.

In religion they were equally contrasted. Reared an Episcopalian, Heywood regarded religious truths as something settled beyond all questioning—worked out and fixed as definitely as are the elements of mathematics. He had never searched the grounds of truth. The church he believed to have been shaped and patterned by God as much as the natural world was. He would as soon have thought of discussing the authenticity of heat, or the propriety of frost, as of the services of the church. Ordination was a natural law—the ministry a part of the constitution of the world.

Barton Cathcart had been reared even more earnestly to believe in revealed religion. But, from his childhood, an appeal had been made to his reason. Nothing marks so strikingly the faith of New England in the truth of her religious systems as the boldness with which she has always challenged for them the utmost scrutiny of Reason. Cathcart, from an early period, felt himself drawn into deep thought. He could not rest with traditional knowledge and hereditary faith. He pursued inquiries into the nature of the human mind,—whose nature will in the end determine all formulas, as its philosophy has in every age fashioned all theologies. He analyzed the doctrines of the church, and disputed many of them. Led on by an indomitable desire of knowing the very truth, he explored the Bible for himself with indefatigable zeal. Finding the extreme reactionary protestant doctrine, that the Bible was the sole fountain of religious truth, could not be true, he began to question the grounds of inspiration; then the reality of the truths revealed; what truth was only relative to a process, a condition, and an age, and what was absolute—alike true to every people in every age, and in all conditions of their development and progress.

Such a career of thought would have been as impossible to the brilliant Virginian as the act of flying. He believed that the church categories of truth were so absolutely true, that it was audacious even to question them. Investigation he deemed to consist in assuming these, and simply seeing how far one might go consistently with them.

Not only did Heywood rest unquestioningly upon the religion and church of his fathers, but he could not understand philosophical inquisitiveness in religious matters in any other light than as an immorality. It was a sign not of intellectual life, but of moral death. He shrunk with something akin to disgust from that free spirit of inquiry and discussion which he found in New England.

Alike in contrast were these young men in their views of life. Barton Cathcart's freedom in searching the foundations of religious truth did not seem half so strange to Heywood as to Cathcart seemed Heywood's utter levity regarding human life and society. From his childhood Barton had looked with the deepest solemnity upon a man's duty to his fellows. Society did not seem to him, as it nearly did to Heywood, a contrivance for his pleasure and aggrandizement. On the contrary, he was oppressed with a sense of duty to society, which tasked him, and, after his utmost industry, still chastised him for negligence.

Barton could not imagine how Heywood could look with such a frivolous eye upon human society, and yet be so conscientious—almost superstitious—about religious forms of thought and worship. It seemed to Barton as if Heywood worshipped institutions and cared little for men,—much for the temple, nothing for the worshippers.

In spite of all these differences, these young men became warm friends. Friendship is not the result of reasoning, but of sympathy; and sympathy is a thing too mysterious for solution. Why do some like the smell of sandal wood and others sicken at it? Why is bitter agreeable to some and offensive to others?

Lovers sit in the early ecstacy, saying, Tell me *why* you love me? And then, when every reason is given that fancy can suggest, does not every one know that there is something deeper than all that is told?—that there is in the hidden nature of faculty an attraction of one for another, which, when the conditions are once secured, acts as do the great attractions of the globe, drawing all things together centreward. So it is that people love, not only without the leave of reason, but against all its protests. There is a wisdom of feeling, as well as of thought. Calculation is as often wrong as inspiration. The intuitions of our moral sentiments seldom mislead us. The passions need the rein and curb, but moral sentiments need the spur.

Such differences could not but stir up frequent discussions between these friends. Discussions carried on from day to day began to work their natural effect upon Heywood. Questions began to arise in his mind. Doubts began to hover unbidden over themes before unsullied by the faintest uncertainty. He shrank back from the experience.

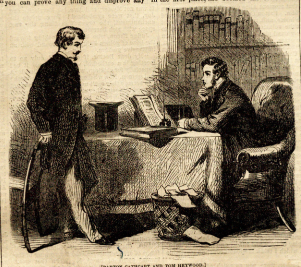
"Barton, what's the use of all this disturbance? A fellow had better stick to the religion to which he was educated. I do not think that it is the gentlemanly thing for a man to desert his side. The Church is a good bridge enough for me. If it is not right, it is not likely that I could mend it."

"But what," said Barton, "if the bridge should stop before you reach the farther bank?"

"It will be time enough then," replied Heywood, "to consider what I shall do. But the case is this: here is a river so wide that neither you nor I can see the further bank. It is a turbulent and dangerous water. I see a bridge which has a good and solid abutment on this side. As far as the eye can reach the bridgeway is secure and ample. I propose to try it. You, on the contrary, have a notion that you will row yourself over the stream, and with a skiff and an oar you intend to play ferryman!"

"Your illustration is ingenious at least," said Barton. "Now give me my turn. We are upon an island in the ocean, desiring to return to our homes. Many vessels appear, and offer to take us off. All claim to be safe and efficient. Shall a man use his reason and judgment in determining whether any of them, and, if any, which is safe and trustworthy?"

"There is no end to figures," said Heywood, "you can prove any thing and disprove any thing by ingenious illustrations. I've seen many a jury led to the very device by a lawyer skillful in metaphors and similes, although the facts and the law were against his case. But the fact is, Barton, I am no Yankee. I am not troubled with that intolerable curiosity which puts your people upon prying into every thing in creation. If the good Lord wants to keep any thing secret, I can't imagine what he created Yankees for! They are the most restlessly inquisitive creatures—always fretting themselves to find out something that was hidden away on purpose. If Nature has a secret, a Yankee, I'll be bound, will pick the lock where it is kept, or be eaves-dropping till he gets hold of it. The fact is, there is too much brain here in New England. Every body is racing and chasing after causes. I believe your people think they have the responsibility of the universe on their shoulders. When the Bible said, 'Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?' there were no Yankees about. Since then, five hundred ministers in this very New England think they have done it! They have found God out—all that He has done, why He did it, what He has not done, and why He could not do it! Did you hear that young sprout preach, last Sunday afternoon, fresh from New Haven? He was amazingly precocious. He went on glibly unfolding moral government. 'God *must* do this,' and, 'God, from the nature of things, *cannot* do that.' There was not a thing about the Infinite and Eternal which he did not fancy himself entirely familiar with! Pah! I hate so much disturbance. A gentleman wants a decorous faith, a good, plain, sensible worship; and then, with a good conscience, he turns to the enjoyment of life, leaving to the Deity and—excuse me!—to the Yankees the management of unfathomable mysteries."



[BARTON CATHCART AND TOM HEYWOOD.]

Barton could not help laughing at Heywood's banter, extravagant as it seemed.

"Well, Heywood," said he, "I admit that there is something of the Greek in the Yankee nature. Dr. Wentworth says that the New-England mind is a threefold cross—it has the moral nature of the Jew, the intellectual spirit of the Greek, and the practical tendencies of the Roman."

"Indeed! Did he say whence they derived the element of modesty? Only three nations spoiled to make this marvellous New England? That cannot account for the riches which abound! Let me see—ingenuity from Egypt, humility from China, bravery—well, that must be indigenous, it is of a peculiar kind."

"That will do, Heywood! that will do. You have given reasons enough already, why Virginia should send her daughters to New England for education and her sons for wives! The State that yields the best schools and finest women ranks highest."

It might be supposed that on a subject so all-engrossing as politics had become in the spring and summer of 1860, two young men like Cathcart and Heywood would find themselves often in collision. But Heywood had not adopted the extreme views that prevailed in the South on the subject of slavery. He regarded the institution as a misfortune. But he apologized for it, as a thing entailed upon the South, and for which no present remedy could be found. Though Heywood deemed it prudent to abstain from an active part in politics, yet it was plain he did not care to have it concealed that his sympathy was with his Southern kindred. By a sort of understanding, at length, Tom Heywood and Cathcart avoided all discussions on current topics. But when did two clouds oppositely charged ever come together without drawing each other's lightning? Then comes the thunder-crash; afterward it clears up, and for days the air will be purer. But such clashes between friends are safer in almost any other matter than politics. In spite of every effort, they found themselves less intimate, less affectionate and confiding. Other causes also tended and tempted to more alienation.

Heywood's aunt had secretly determined to spare no pains to bring about a connection between Rose Wentworth and young Heywood. In the first place, she deemed the connection one eminently fit to be made. They seemed suited to each other. Was he not a fine fellow, handsome, of gentlemanly manners, of good disposition, of good family and connections? Was not Rose of noble presence, most comely, a woman of genius, yet of rare domestic qualities, of great culture, trained to observation, and withal free from pedantry? What more could be wanting? Nothing except the consent of the parties. Match-making is an art so fascinating that it is no wonder that people become addicted to it. Love in young people is of itself one of the most charming spectacles in human life. To see the spark struck, the fire kindled, its first faint flame spreading, and finally the full glow and warmth established, and then to be able to say complacently, "I did it," is not all this inducement and reward enough to tempt amiable souls to this species of benevolence?

Aunt Chandler was no match-maker. This she often said. But she had no objection occasionally to give good advice. She was of that honest and plain-speaking way that inspired confidence. She was shrewd and prudent. She was really unselfish. She had no daughters of her own. With a great motherly heart, she had no children. With great skill in management, she had nobody to manage. It was quite natural that when young people came to her for advice, she should give it. Having given advice, it was natural that she should be interested in seeing what became of it. But she was not a match-maker! That she disapproved of. It was a responsibility that no one should take. "No one could tell after all how a match might turn out; and if badly, one could never forgive one's self for having brought it about."

There was a great difference, she pleased herself with thinking, between match-making and a mere influencing one to make one's own match. Suggestion, reasonable influence and suitable advice did not amount to match-making.

She beheld these two young persons, Heywood and Rose Wentworth, and saw what from inexperience they might have failed to perceive, that they were "just made for each other."

She made various occasions of meeting at her house, and in her grounds—"no party, a mere gathering of neighbors in the most familiar way;" teas and door-yard pic-nics—all in a manner so natural and accidental, that she could not forbear to admire the fortunate happenings of things. When people of sagacity set on foot plans with foresight, if they are of a devout turn of mind, they often see the hand of Providence wonderfully stretched out in their behalf. When Mrs. Chandler had sent some rare old books of prints over to Dr. Wentworth, had heaped up Mrs. Wentworth's table with fruit, apologizing that their grounds produced so much more than they could use that it was a kindness if the neighbors would help her to use it, it was natural that the doctor's family should all come over, without formality, to spend an evening, and just as natural that Mrs. Chandler and her husband should return the visit. And when, after the elderly people were seated in a manner evidently studied for their pleasure, and Rose and Heywood had the two only places left, and were obliged accidentally to bear each other company, and seemed content to do so, Mrs. Chandler, looking down upon them with benevolent eyes, could not refrain a pious and grateful ejaculation: "How providential this is! If I had had the ordering of it myself, the Lord could not have pleased me better!" The more she thought about it the more Providence seemed to smile. The more Providence favored it the more Mrs. Chandler smiled. It was so easy for her to act with sagacity that she did not see herself in many events which fell out, and fell out of her hand.

Weeks and months passed. The young people were happy; the old people were happy. It seemed strange, however, that Heywood had never spoken a word to his aunt of his intentions. In imagination, she had seen the happy pair coming to thank her, she had helped arrange the bridal party, she had seen the ceremony, she had been to church on the first Sunday after their return from the bridal trip, and she had drank in great draughts of satisfaction at the admiration with which all the congregation looked on the beautiful couple, she had walked home behind them and observed with rare relish those tender ways of first-blossoming love, which discover newly-married people as surely as a bed of mignonette—simple as it looks—is detected by its odor. But, pleasing as are the pictures of imagination, a practical mind needs something less spiritual and more substantial. Why did not Heywood make some progress? Did not Rose please him? Or was there some impediment? It was plain that no visible progress was made. Therefore, though averse to match-making, it was proper that Mrs. Chandler should take observations and find out the latitude and longitude of affairs.

Could it be that Heywood was already engaged in Virginia? The thought was startling. His aunt did not wait long for a providential opening; but, on Heywood's return from an excursion, fell into conversation with him.

"Have you had a pleasant time, Heywood? of course you have, I can see by your face. When I was young, they did not have as many rides and pic-nics as they do now; though I fancy the young women then were more sedate, less frivolous and pleasure-seeking than now."

"Bless me, aunt, I do not know what you would call propriety if the Norwood girls are not proper! I wish you might see some of our highflyers in the South !"

"I suppose you naturally would prefer the society of Southern young ladies?"

"I don't know about that; of course I like my own folks."

"Well, suppose you were going to settle down in life, and wanted to choose a wife—for I take it for granted that you are not engaged—are you?"

"No, aunt, I am too young for that, or, at any rate, not yet quite ready to settle down. Besides, no man marries till his time comes. I am waiting till I see some one that is irresistible."

"Do you expect some one to charge upon you and whirl you away captive?"

"No, not exactly that; but one likes shy game and fish not easily landed. I see persons good enough, doubtless,—perhaps too good for me; yet, after all, one does not like to know before he takes a step just how it will all end."

"Upon my word, Heywood, this is superlatively modest! I did not think that you were one of those conceited dandies that thought every woman who looked at him was in love with him. But I can tell you in good earnest, sir, that those who are most worthy when won are not the easiest to win."

"Aunt, I mean no offence to the sex, and none to you especially. You asked me a plain question, and I gave you a plain answer."

"Of the young ladies, sir malapert, whom you have laid under obligation this afternoon by your charming presence, how many of them do you believe that you could have for the asking?"

"Every one of them. This sounds conceited to you, aunt, but I look at it in this way: I know that I am a presentable young gentleman, with reasonably good prospects. I cannot deny the sight of my eyes that my presence is agreeable to the young ladies. I take it for granted that they all expect to enter the matrimonial state whenever a suitable offer is made; and it does not seem conceited at all to imagine that a lady who receives your addresses with marked favor would accept your offer, should you press a suit."

"You were never more mistaken in your life. I will instance but a single one—Rose Wentworth. I wish with all my heart that you might win her; but it will not be done just by the asking, let me tell you."

"Why, there was not one of the party so cordial and frank. I went home with her, and she seemed a good deal softened and sentimental. She talked of trees and flowers, and of the spirit and an inner life. I think I understand such things. If I had just said the word, I fully believe that I should now be asking your approbation to our union."

"This passes all belief! I lose faith in you, at least in your good judgment. You have no more conception of Rose Wentworth than you have of those who live in the stars. If you had presumed upon her cordial ways and mentioned love, I should like to have stood by and seen her large eyes flash upon you."

"Why, aunt, do you think that she is such a paragon?"

"I do—I do. She is beyond all words the noblest young woman that I have ever known. But what she is no one can know, nor she herself, until something rouses her. She is capable of rising into grandeur if circumstances favored. If by the wisest and most skilful wooing you could win Rose, you would be the happiest of living men; and twenty years hence you would find your happiness but just begun!"

"Why, aunt, you rather pique my curiosity. If you really think that she is so hard to win, I am almost disposed to try."

"Young man," said Mrs. Chandler, almost sternly, "you may as well let it alone as to try in that spirit."

And the subject was dropped.

Some influences are like spurs, and striking into the sides they produce instant motion.

Others are seeds, and when sown seem utterly lost; yet in silence and darkness they are germanating and growing. Mrs. Chandler said no more, but she thought a good deal more.

"I don't believe things will rest as they are. I think Heywood has received some notions that will work in him. But what if Rose should not take a fancy to him? Of course she likes him; but that does not mean anything in particular. She is a world too kind and generous, and likes every body, and Heywood has been fooled by it. He thinks that kindness is love. That's just like a man! But then he has all his life been run after and praised, poor fellow. He is to be pitied, not blamed."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

VARIETIES.

Nothing enhances the value of an object more than to know that others value it and are competing for it. Mrs. Chandler furnished both stimulants to Heywood. I cannot say how she obtained the information, but she had been led to believe that Barton Cathcart had directed his attentions toward Miss Wentworth. Some such stories had risen and died out in the village. The signs all failed. Mrs. Chandler, perhaps, had not even heard of them. One day, however, she returned home after a visit to Dr. Wentworth's, and in consequence of information—what, I never knew—she said to her husband, by the merest accident, in Heywood's presence:

"Would it not be strange, my dear, if Barton Cathcart should marry Rose Wentworth?"

Her husband looked at her with simplicity, and said:

"I suppose so."

"Do you think it would be a good match?"

"I don't see any objection, provided the parties are willing."

"But really, my dear, I can't hardly imagine that Rose should prefer such a man, unless it was her only chance. But then you can never tell. Getting in love is like picking garden flowers in the night. You may get a violet, or you may pick a nettle. It seems to me that Rose might do better than to take Cathcart."

Tom Heywood thought it worth his while to take a more close survey of the ground. He had been under the impression for some time that he had gone as far as it was safe to go unless he were willing to go further; that Rose was very susceptible and simple; and that, as a man of honor, it was his duty, having a far better knowledge of life and especially of affairs of the heart, to see to it that she was not harmed.

He was so far influenced by his aunt's remarks from time to time that he was determined at any rate to probe the matter, and to see just how things really were. His visits became more frequent, and his attentions were assiduous. He exerted himself in conversation, he went through the usual musical routine on such occasions, and after a considerable period he found himself in just the same place as at the beginning. It was a new experience, and piqued his pride. He began to perceive some zest in this pursuit. On the whole, he was glad that Miss Wentworth had not dropped into his hands as easily as he at first feared. He was satisfied that Miss Rose was genuine; that there was no artfulness; that she was playing no part.

He absented himself for a time, but at his next visit his absence excited no remark. He discussed the ladies of Norwood, and expressed admiration for one or two in particular. He found Miss Rose the most generous of critics and the most discriminating of friends. Thus far Miss Wentworth had been to him an inferior, in the sense that a beautiful child is to an elder brother. He began to admit now that she was his equal, and to experience a respect which he had never felt before for a pretty woman. He now read favorite authors aloud, and indulged in criticisms. He discussed various questions in literature, in art, in science. If Heywood chose to talk of gay trifles, so did she. Just as naturally and unaffectedly did she follow and accompany him if music or painting were the theme. If he introduced a discussion, Rose entered with zest, but never with heat, into philosophical reasonings, and in matters of natural science proved herself far better informed than was Heywood. He could not deny that a more intimate acquaintance raised his opinion of Miss Wentworth. Indeed he began to admit to himself that she was a woman worthy of pursuit! But he made no progress. He was as near, and just as far from, her, after weeks and months had passed, as at the beginning. He could not understand it. He watched to discover the exquisite art, the subtle fence, by which he was warded off. Nothing could be discovered but simple, artless, straightforward conduct.

It would not be just to leave the impression that Heywood's pride alone, or chiefly, had wrought in him a determination to press his suit to an issue. At every step he found warmer sentiments kindling. Admiration had passed on a stage, and began to take on the colors of love. Love, once entertained, throve; and with a genuine affection there came a great change over him, and for the better. A deep and true love is full of humility and gratitude. Heywood dropped that ill-fitting conceit which veiled his real goodness, and his overweening confidence in himself gave way to diffidence. Once or twice, arming himself with a determination to bring his fate to an issue, he found himself, he knew not how, carried away from his purpose, and as far from success as ever.

At last he determined that, with whatever abruptness it was necessary, he would make known to Rose his sentiments, and, at least, know whether or not he was to be blessed.

There was to be the weekly gathering at Dr. Wentworth's on the morrow. The house and grounds lay open to all family friends. No formality prevailed. Every one was left to come and go with perfect freedom. One might be sure of seeing Judge Bacon there, and Mr. Edwards, and almost always Parson Buell, and Mr. Brett, and Mrs. Chandler, and occasionally Mr. Chandler, and once in a while 'Biah Cathcart and his wife. Alice came every week, and Barton was there at least to take tea. Besides these regulars, there was a militia of visitors, or the friends of friends, so that on pleasant days, sometimes two or three score of people roamed about the grounds, in knots and circles; the young people securing their own company, and the elder people discoursing apart, or joining the young folks, as it chanced to please them. It is in such circumstances that love finds its fairest opportunities. A thousand chances turn up for a look, a word with an emphasis, or for a passing sentence, and if both parties be in sympathy, it is surprising to see by how many accidents they are favored. They are sent on some errand, one to help the other; or they are left alone, every person about them having the most natural reasons in the world for going off. The very sun seems to wink at them through the blinking leaves. The shadows that gather about them serve as a protecting screen. Everything favors fortunate love! No one knew the advantages of such circumstances better than Heywood. No one had less art to discern opportunity than Cathcart.

On the appointed morrow, therefore, Heywood, with a charming grace, passed from group to group, and not a person in the grounds was there who did not feel that Heywood had paid them most agreeable personal attention. Certainly Alice Cathcart thought so with reason. Heywood took his place by her side, and either he found her in her happiest mood, or had the art to draw forth her hidden power; for Alice fairly blossomed. Rose, who knew what treasure lay hidden deep within, was delighted to have others perceive it. Barton had never seen his sister so radiant, and exhibit such force of conversation. She met Heywood's compliments and threw them back as a mirror throws back the sunlight that falls upon it; and when, in an encounter of wit that followed, Alice fairly vanquished him, Heywood, plucking a wreath of the honeysuckle vine, and twining in it a spray or two of crimson fuchsias, with fine manner offered to crown her, saying, with a humorous modesty: "The Muses are to be crowned, not contended with."

All clapped and cried bravo! bravo! and no one seemed so radiantly happy as Rose, except Alice herself. She seemed strangely brilliant; and when the beautiful, glossy, green leaves, and the glowing colors of the fuchsia were laid upon her raven hair, Heywood called all to witness how much she resembled Raffael's picture of "*Poesie.*"

Dr. Wentworth and his friends repaired to the old drooping elm. Soon they fell into conversation. I know not how the subject of cathedrals came up; but Dr. Wentworth called to Rose:

"My child, bring me two or three volumes of Britton's Cathedrals of England. Perhaps some of these nimble gentlemen will help you."

Heywood was standing by Alice, though listening to everything that concerned Rose. He would have sprung to fulfill the intimation, but at that moment Alice was addressing a question to him. Barton Cathcart quietly moved toward the house, and, repairing to the library, brought out the volumes. One of them was opened to the ground plan of York Minster, and laid upon the grass.

"Sit down by me, disciple," said Judge Bacon to Cathcart, "and hear Dr. Wentworth make a plea in behalf of idolatry."

"The unassisted reason of man must derive its notion of Divinities either from the material world, or from man himself. I suspect that much of what we have been taught to regard as a stupid idolatry was regarded, in its time, by intelligent worshippers, only as a kind of symbolism. Trees were supposed to *contain* deities. Fire was the element through which gods manifested themselves. If I had lived before the days of Revelation, I should have worshipped the Sun, or Trees."

"On such a day as this, Doctor," said Bacon, "I think you would be glad to run under your tree-god to get rid of your sun-god. But I suppose you would divide the year between them, and say prayers to the sun in winter, and to the trees in summer."

"You were speaking of cathedrals and the origin of Gothic architecture," said Edwards.

"Yes, I was reprobating the idea that Gothic architecture was in any sense an imitation of trees. There is some analogy, however, between the impression made upon the mind by a forest and by a cathedral. There is the same sense of solitary grandeur, the same peculiar feeling of solemn mystery arising from vast height, a similar play of light and shade, and a spirit of devotion which I think is spontaneous and inevitable in both."

"Father, were you as much affected by the first cathedral that you saw as you expected to be?" asked Rose, who had placed a stool near her father, and left Alice on the outer part of the circle attended by Heywood.

"I really had expected but little. It was neither taste nor devotion that first drew me to York Minster. It was curiosity. But I was overwhelmed with wonder. The mystery and awe produced by height and vastness in the interior I can compare to nothing but the feeling which one has who, either by day, or in a starlit night, lies alone in the fields on his back, looking long right up into the heavens, which seem slowly to open, deeper and more deep, until, with strange presentiment, one almost feels that he is drawing near to the Eternal City! By some subtle sympathy, one's spirit swells and is conscious of wonderful elevation. It is a consciousness of superiority, dignity, grandeur. The same thing befell me on the first time that I stood at Niagara. I found myself stepping proudly, like a conqueror, and moving with the dignity of a prince. But in a cathedral-experience this is tempered by certain other influences, which inspire tenderness and sadness. Now if upon this state of mind there arises a solemn chant, borne upon the waves of organ music, especially if one is in a foreign land, touched a little with homesickness, and hears those sacred psalms which are laden with the most solemn and tender associations of his life, coming back to him in such a bewildering place, fringed with murmuring echoes, is it strange that the spirit seems to drop the body, and to hover, in its full glorious liberty, on the bounds of the Infinite and the Eternal?"

Judge Bacon watched the doctor, as he proceeded, with a smile, whether of sympathy or of incredulity one could not well divine. Neither did his words make his real thoughts any clearer. He was so used to a bantering irony that he often employed it when at heart he was in full sympathy with the person against whom it was directed.

"I confess, Doctor," said he, with mock sadness, "that I have never felt this sense of leaving the body and rising into a beatific condition, except in one set of circumstances."

"What were they?" asked Wentworth, with some slight surprise.

"When I have been in the act of falling asleep in church, under the refreshing influence of a long and sound discourse!"

"You are not a frequent sleeper, Judge, according to my observations," said Parson Buell. "Indeed I have regarded you as one of the wakeful and watching."

"Ah, that is the minister's fault. Instead of the absurd method now pursued of doctrinal examination, if I were set to select clergymen, I should pick and determine by their somniferousness. I would settle the man that yielded sleep, and turn away every candidate that kept me awake. A minister should be a true Pulpit Poppy! But go on, Doctor, as your remarks were not half an hour long, I know that you had but just entered on the topic of cathedrals."

"The cathedral is really a symbol of Christianity, complex, multitudinous, sublime! It was not enough for men to make the cross the symbol of their faith, to wear it on the person, to affix it to churches, to shape utensils to its form, to fashion their very doors and windows so that they should frame to the eye the figure of the cross; but some bold man determined that the cross should be reared in proportions so vast that a Christian assembly could worship, not before it, but within it. Look upon this ground plan. It is a noble cross. A cathedral stript of its accessories is but a sublime cross, subsidizing to itself the resources of society. The gorgeous windows, the elaborate ornaments, the exquisite carvings of men, beasts and foliage, silently represent the homage which art, man, and nature, pay to the cross. Symbolism can go no further. Every city of England has lying in tranquil grandeur, within it an architectural cross. Not that one which glows upon the spire like the morning and the evening star; nor those which stand at the altar; or are wrought in colors upon the windows; but in the foundations themselves! All the rough and hidden stones have for hundreds of years lain in the silent and invisible fashions of the cross, upon whose pattern rises—glowing more and more with beauty and art—every wall, and the mighty whole. The cross is thus the root of architecture!"

"For once, I must say, bravo! Your notions have some plausibleness, though little originality," said Judge Bacon; "and I can well imagine how a thousand men shut up in a stone cross, on oak benches, and obliged to listen, as we are, to prolix discourse, might think it a kind of crucifixion."

"Oh, Judge, if I could once see you fairly taken off your feet with enthusiasm, as I was at Winchester, I would willingly suffer all your jibes for the rest of my life."

"How was that, father? Do tell us," said Rose, who had changed her place to give Alice a nearer seat, placing herself in such a way that Heywood was no longer facing her.

"The day had been warm, like this, though a month earlier, it being in July. The afternoon was well advanced, and the sun was sunk so low that it poured its light through the exhalations rising from the ground—very much as the sun is now doing," said the doctor, turning toward the West. "See how these evergreens seem fairly banked up against a very cloud of light! Well, I had little idea of the interior of Winchester Cathedral, and the exterior was not as impressive as several others. But as I entered the West door, the nave clear up to the ceiling seemed to blaze with light. The construction stone is pale yellow, almost white, and the red light of this afternoon gave it a peculiar charm. Unlike other cathedrals, there were no dark spaces, no mysterious recesses, nothing dim or solemn. All was radiant and glorious. It was not Mystery and Awe, but Revelation and Joy, that were symbolized! To complete the enchantment, the organ was filling the vast space with rich harmonies."

Judge Bacon, who had been looking toward the haze of golden light, turned round with an impressive gesture.

"My dear Doctor, if one could only go to meeting in a cathedral, what joy would it be! Especially for children, what a god-send under a dull sermon. Now what can children do in church? The sermon they can't understand. They are not allowed to sleep; they are too tired to sit up, and are not allowed to lie down. Cry they can't, and laugh they must not. I used slyly to make rabbits with my handkerchief. But a cathedral affords boundless amusement for the eyes. While a prosaic passage was droning in my ears, I could busy myself in tracing the colors in the windows, making out the ridiculous old saints, or recalling the amusing legends. If the discourse ran on doctrine—the veritable act of giving a stone to those who want bread—I could study the curious carvings—stone foliage, stone dragons, stone beasts, in all their varieties! Look here, Doctor,—I believe that cathedrals would convert me! What a pity that we have none! One of the benefits which I anticipate from the spread of Romanism in America is the introduction of the Roman Civil Law and of cathedrals to put to shame the plainness of meeting-houses, and also to ally religion with taste!"

"You might as well sigh for barons' castles, princes' palaces, Roman forums, Greek temples, Egyptian pyramids. Men forget that all institutions, customs, schools of painting, special forms of architecture, are the outworking of the inward spirit of an Age. When that spirit changes, or dies out, it is in vain to attempt to reproduce its mere forms again, except as dead memorials. Cathedrals had their epoch. They represent a geologic period, as it were, in the moral world. We might as well attempt to bring back ancient manuscripts with their splendid illuminations, instead of printed books; or to re-introduce the armor and armies of the Middle Ages, instead of rifles and artillery. It is this very blunder that they commit who attempt to reproduce the art-spirit of a period long gone by, by copying its dead forms. If it was good for anything in its own time, that is the very reason why it will be out of place in our time."

"For gracious' sake, Doctor, pause! What have we done to deserve such a discourse? Bethink you! It is not Sunday! A gentleman in Boston sent his Irish servant to his wine cellar to draw from a cask of choice Madeira a specimen glass. The servant forgot to turn the faucet and all night the stream trickled—ran—trickled, until not a drop was left."

"Well, Judge, what then?"

"Sure enough, I begin to see that the case will not apply to you; for the cask *did* at length run dry, and stop. You run dry enough, but never stop. But, at the risk of starting you off again, I cannot help saying that, after such a sentimental description as you gave of the effects of a cathedral on *you*, to follow on with the statement that cathedrals have no longer any function—are dead—mere mighty museums, is peculiarly refreshing to a logical mind!"

"Both things are true, nevertheless. I was speaking of old cathedrals, in whose presence a thousand years rise up in dim procession, whose very strangeness stirs the imagination, in which lie buried kings and prelates whose doings filled their own age and gave color to history,—to walk in them is like a vision of the Resurrection! Generations long gone, with passions like ours, but with ideas foreign and strange, rise before you. While the trance is upon you, if the organ sounds and the choir chant, you seem to stand with the exceeding great multitude of past ages, and the imagination, that flies free through all time and space, gathers about you the good and great of ten centuries, and you are one of an invisible multitude which no man can number, of every age, and all tongues, lifting up a common praise to God! Your own heart, for the moment, seems to express a devotion as wide as creation, and to be the instrument by which generations are praising God! You can reproduce a stone cathedral in our day, but can you clothe it with five hundred or a thousand years? A clean, new cathedral, in America, is a solecism. It is not in harmony with our wants, our ideas, or our sympathies. It is a huge and bungling imitation, and counterfeit. It is a forgery upon Time. Even old cathedrals have lost their power upon those familiar with them. Use deadens romance. They are for pilgrims,—far-comers,—not for the resident inhabitants. For a few, of romantic tendency, they may retain their influence ever fresh, but for the mass of men they no longer have any message. The common people have gone on and left these magnificent monuments of the sincerity of a strong but rude age to poets and antiquarians!"

"Religion seems to have had a hard time in this world. It is so busy with its institutions, its governments, its doctrines and orders that it has little time to bestow on *men*."

"That is more true than you meant. But it is not true of religion more than of justice, of beauty, of every organized principle."

"You are right for once, Doctor," said Judge Bacon. "The law is an analogous case in point. We go back with great interest and profit to the Roman law and to the common law of England. But, if the common law of England as it was three hundred years ago, or if Justinian's code were to be introduced bodily into modern courts, they would be in incessant conflict with society in all its interests."

Dr. Wentworth resumed:

"Cathedrals and liturgies, after losing their original force and function, derive a secondary value as a connecting medium between remote periods and ages. Their associations are like mistletoe on aged trees, which have a value which the trees do not. The attempt to create a modern liturgy is evidence of how little men understand the law of growth. Liturgies of power are those which have in them the voice of ages. It is the breath of the whole church that breathes through them. To forsake these, and to make modern liturgies is as if a man should cut down from about his mansion the oaks and elms that had grown majestic through hundreds of years, and then attempt to imitate their shade and grandeur by setting out starveling Lombardy poplars."

"But," said Judge Bacon, "you ought to admit that a Puritan cathedral would be proper. Its structure might be new, but its spirit, which according to you is the essential thing, would be old enough. It would be far older than Justinian. It would be as old as Moses. The Puritans were men of the Old Testament more than of the New. Their writings breathe its spirit, employ its language; and their laws sought to imitate the old Hebrew code, and in some instances the Levitical laws are ludicrously woven into the old colony legislation."

"It will always be so," responded Dr. Wentworth, accepting the new direction thus suggested for the conversation, "with men in a minority, suffering persecution for a good cause. They will take to the Old Testament as patriots do to the mountains when oppressors harry the land. The reason is obvious. The old prophets were grand figures, standing almost alone against a background of cruelty and corruption, both in faith and morals. Their experience breathes in the psalms, and in the major and minor prophets. No mistake is more utter than to suppose the Books of Prophesy are filled with prophesying, or that the special predictions constitute the chief value of these undying Scriptures. They are the heart journals of great men, almost alone, waging war with every form of civil and social iniquity. They reveal all the shades of fear, doubt, despondency, incident to moral conflict. They reveal Suffering and Consolation as no drama ever did. The great truths of Natural Justice; the absolute faith that the world was organized for righteousness, and that iniquity was sure to be a losing game; that the Invisible Power, who sat silent behind the clouds while everything seemed to overwhelm the good and promote the bad, was nevertheless awake, aroused and terribly in earnest for truth and justice; and that he seemed remiss only because Jehovah worked in larger circles than those in which men wrought, and brought events to their account and judgment a little later and lower down than men desired and expected. These are those elements of the prophetic books that will always make them the refuge of the oppressed. But the Puritan, if he went to the old Testament for consolation and strength, certainly did not find there the peculiar intellectual elements which marked him. The intellectual contrast between the Hebrew and the Puritan is as great as that between Jerusalem and Athens. The Hebrew was neither an analyst nor a reasoner; the Puritan was both. Emotion is the staple of Hebrew thought. His very reasonings were swells of moral feeling. In Judea it was feeling that fed Thought; in New England it is Thought that produces feeling."

"You mean that ought to do it," said the Judge. "I wish to my soul it did! It was a poor exchange that the Puritan made when he bargained off imagination for logic, emotion for metaphysics, moral consciousness for proof. A genuine Yankee Puritan thinks that he can prove anything. He would address an argument to each letter of the alphabet, proving that A *is* A, that B is B. He would delight to hear somebody doubt the multiplication table, that he might prove it. I am tired of logic, and argument, and doctrine, and discussion. The fact is, doctor, since Tommy Heywood has been in town, I have taken to the Episcopal Church, where everything is cut and dried, and the service is so long that the sermon has to be short. I have serious thoughts of joining."

"I am glad, Judge, to learn that you have serious thought about anything religious. The New-England theologians have not been poetic, Edwards, perhaps, excepted; and he soon repressed a genius which, under other culture, would have placed him among the immortal few. Curiously enough, they have undervalued the imagination, and sought to replace it with solid reasonings. I must admit that, at some period, they have had an almost pharisaic pride of logic and pure metaphysics. But in spite of their exclusion of the literary forms of the imagination, they have dealt with great moral truths in such a manner that the imagination of their people has been powerfully developed. The impression that New-England men are practical and shrewd, but not imaginative or æsthetic, has arisen from the fact that peculiar influence prevented the development of imagination in the direction of poetry, and music, or of the fine arts. Puritan influences shut up in a measure these channels. Imagination followed the lines of speculation. Instead of forming itself into sound and physical forms, it inspired systems of thought. The poems of Dante are not more complete pictures than are the sermons of Edwards, if you drop from both the instrument of language, and compare simply the picture which is left in the mind. The vast realm of thought traversed by New-England theology, involving the philosophy of the human mind, the nature of moral government, and so, by corollary, of human governments,—the profound inquiries into cause and effect,—the invisible sphere of the will,—the relations of character to future condition,—the Future itself, its eternal sovereign, its antithetic kingdom, like night over against the day,—and the pressure of thought toward infinite and insoluble problems might have been expected to give a very unpractical result. In fact, however, it led to immense fertility and to a practical wisdom.

"In a greater extent, probably, than ever before was the whole population, for two hundred years, educated to receive a copious, minute and immense system of truth, without any symbols, without old superstitions, without any thing for the eye or ear, sustained purely by the exercise of reason and in directions where the reason depended largely upon the imagination. In other lands, the popular faith rested upon an order of men lifted into splendid authority. The New-England clergyman was a plain citizen, utterly disdaining all trappings. Elsewhere, cathedrals, festive days, and gorgeous ceremonies sustained men's belief. It is hardly possible to make barrenness more bare of all appliances for the senses than was New England. Yet there arose in the popular mind a vast and stately system of truth, covering two worlds."

"Take breath, Doctor, let us see! elm trees, cathedrals, pre-Raphaelitism, the Old and New Testament, the Puritan, New-England clergymen, and New-England theology! I put it to you, as a humane and honest physician, whether there are not too many medicines for one bolus? You are a perfect old Druid, and sit under your tree as if the chief end of man was to talk and hear talking! By the way, your elm tree ought to be an oak—that is the tree of piety and wisdom."

"By no means. The oak is the English tree. But the elm is the American tree."

"I suspect you are led astray this time, Doctor," said Judge Bacon, "because you own so wonderful a tree. Every body praises their own. The pine tree is the symbol of New-England. It is the tree of liberty, flourishing as liberty always has, among the hills and mountains,—tough and hardy, deriving nourishment from the poorest soils and enduring the severest winters without losing its foliage, fighting winter storms with its banner all unfolded! The only tree fit to represent our liberty-loving people is the one that is as green in winter as in summer. There! what do you say to that as a specimen of discourse in your own vein?"

"It is thoroughly well said," replied Wentworth, "and if we were at liberty now to select the tree of Liberty, undoubtedly that would be it. But it has been done for us. The elm is historic. It is identified not only with American ideas and men, but with the great struggles of liberty. The Pittsfield elm, now a mere wreck, was a rallying point in our Revolution, as it had been before among the aborigines. What shall we say of the elms in Springfield, in Hadley, in Hatfield, which have played a part in colonial history? And what of that famous Boston Common elm which is to Massachusetts what the Charter Oak was to Connecticut?"

"Stop—stop. Now you are on my ground. The elm on the Boston Common was not the Charter Oak of Massachusetts. It was another elm tree which you have probably forgotten. I mean the old elm that stood on the corner of Essex and Medway streets in Boston, now Essex and Washington streets. Planted in 1646, it was more than a hundred years old when the pre-revolutionary excitements were taking place in Boston. I don't believe there was ever a city in the world where the men in authority had such hard work in putting a yoke on its people, as Boston. It was always a famous talking place. I can imagine a governor's opinion of such men as Sam Adams and old John Adams and their set. Let me see—didn't you come from Boston, Doctor? Well, no matter. One bright morning, when the sun rose, a marvel appeared. In the night the dew, or Puck, had shaped in golden letters and nailed with a spike upon the elm, '*Tree of Liberty.*' The offence was remembered, and in 1775 the British soldiers cut down the dangerous tree."

"Thank you, Judge. If any tree should be adopted as the national symbol, it is the American elm—the historic '*Tree of Liberty.*'"

"I forgot to say," said the judge, with a knowing look, "what every true Yankee will be delighted to learn, that the tree cut up into fourteen cords of wood! Only imagine what a fortune that would be, if all this were to-day in the hands of some honest farmer. He would fill the land with souvenirs, and make his fortune to boot. For we should have the miracle of the oil and meal over again. The wood would never give out. It would grow on his hands faster than ever it did on its own roots."

"We are agreed, then, the elm is the Tree of Liberty. It is the National Tree!"

The sun went down. Pete Sawmill was busy passing from the kitchen to the table, spread in an adjoining space among evergreen trees. The company broke up and repaired thither for tea. Seats were arranged in nooks and coverts, among the shrubbery, and friends formed into groups here and there, in the most unconstrained liberty. Rose flitted hither and thither with hospitable attentions, seeming to take no part for herself except the pleasure of serving. So Heywood found to his chagrin. An evil fate hampered him all the evening. Nothing fell out fortunately; and he returned home under a cloud. Alice remained for the night.

"Why, Alice," said Rose, when they had repaired to their rooms, "what a woman of society you have become! You used to admire my freedom in company. It is now my turn to envy you. I never saw you so brilliant."

Alice smiled. Yet the expression of her face was not altogether of pleasure. As clouds coming and going, in a bright moonlight evening, seem to shade or brighten the lawn, so in alternation pleasing thoughts and sad ones cast their reflections upon Alice's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

REVENGE.

It happened that an Englishman, travelling through Khuzistan, was received and entertained in the tent of the sheikh of an Arab tribe; his entertainer, the only member of the family at home, being a daughter, who acted as hostess in her father's absence. At night the inmates of the tent, including the stranger, retired to rest, but towards morning he was awakened by shrieks, and distinguished the voice of his young hostess exclaiming that she was murdered! All rushed to the spot, where they found the unfortunate girl in the agonies of death, her breast pierced with three deep stabs of a dagger. While gazing on the dying victim, and offering vain assistance, a voice was heard from a height close by, exclaiming—"Yes! it is I! I have done it. Praise be to God, I have murdered her!" All eyes were turned to the spot, where there was seen an old woman standing and gesticulating with vehemence. A rush was made towards her, and she either ran or was borne back to the brink of the river on which the tents were pitched, from the high bank of which she fell into the deep stream, and, whether she perished or escaped, was seen no more. On inquiry it appeared that this sheikh, who now had to mourn the loss of a daughter, had once had a son, who, in some former fray, had been put to death by a *pehlewan* (or champion) of another tribe—an event which called forth all the virulence of the existing feud. Some short time afterwards a stranger entered the camp, and was received with the customary cordiality of Arab hospitality. Unfortunately he was recognized by some of the tribe as the very pehlewan who had put to death the son of their sheikh. What was to be done? He was now their guest, and by the laws of hospitality, and by Arab customs, could not be touched. The sheikh himself was absent, and the arguments of good faith and mercy were preponderating, when the young woman now in question entered the assembly, and upbraided the men with cowardice and cold-heartedness towards their chief. "What," said she, "shall the murderer of your sheikh's son be in your hands and yet escape? Never let this be said—put him instantly to death, or renounce the name of men!" Still, however, a reluctance to infringe on, in so direct a manner, the laws of host and guest restrained the hands and weapons of the men, in spite of the wrath that was boiling in their breasts; and possibly the force of that consideration might have prevailed, when the young girl herself, maddened at the sight of her brother's murderer and the idea of his escaping, seized a sword and smote him. The sight of blood was irresistible; in a moment every weapon was drawn and sheathed in the body of their unfortunate guest—he was literally cut to pieces. The sheikh returned, and, shocked at the atrocious violation of hospitality, was furious at the perpetrators; fain would he have recalled the act or repaired the injury, but that was impossible. Time passed on, and the murder, like others of the sort, was forgotten by the tribe, but not by the mother of the slain. Resolved upon revenge, she had followed the hostile camp for years, and patiently watched an opportunity, which she found not until the fatal night when the Englishman, who relates the story, was by chance a guest in the tent of the sheikh, and witnessed the consummation of her savage vengeance.

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—Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us—the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

IMMORTALITY'S PROOF.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

How strong and beautiful the proofs
Of the Immortal in our Race:
That, live or dead, this Earth is not
Man's only given abiding place.

'Tis spoken by his regal mind
That spurns the old dust-dooming "Fate,"
And every moment nearer strides
From this unto the starry state:

'Tis in our very longing proved,
Longing that shows in us the God
That blazes with the Infinite
Though bound awhile unto the sod:

But nobler, purer, surer, proof
Of all is in the worship we
Give unto Him who walks serene
The mountains of Eternity.

That worship is not groping blind,
Mere aspiration for the High;
O, no! it is the diamond steps
That tower *into* the EVERLASTING'S sky.

A FORTUNE SAVED.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

The war was over, and Bela had come home to me—that is, the shadowy wreck which answered to the name, and assumed the place in our home life that had been occupied by my handsome young husband.

I confess I sometimes vaguely questioned if it were really he whom I saw moving about so uncertainly and stiffly, and heard speaking with the weak, cracked voice in which I could trace no relation to the round, ringing tones I had so loved to hear. His face was pale, with a deep scar across the brow, his hair was thin and faded, his form angular and weak, and swaying quite unbalanced by that useless sleeve that dangled limp where his good right arm had been.

"Oh, is it—is it Bela?" I cried out, weakly, to myself, when left alone. I could hardly believe that, or anything else. I doubted often if I were I, so different I looked and felt from the rosy young girl who only three years before had stood up proudly beside that tall, handsome Bela Stone, in his smart blue uniform, with the shining buttons and the major's leaves upon the shoulders.

I had never had an anxious thought or a care till he went into the army. I have had many since, especially since our marriage.

He had a brief furlough, and some hindrances had brought it nearly to its expiration at our wedding day. So our bridal tour was army-ward. We had meant it for so much of a pleasure journey as might be won from those gloomy war times, but it proved far different.

We found my husband's regiment was already tracing the path which led to active service, and none knew what peril; and our farewells were said the very next morning, while I was left to reach my home alone. He was gone to danger and suffering, and it was no part of my ideal life in these sad, stirring days to shrink from either. The half-abandoned post now held only hospitals and their sufficing guard, and I saw work for me—not pleasant, but worthy and satisfying—in those great wards where so much pain and misery gathered.

And thus it was that my brow, above which the bridal blossoms had not yet faded, bent daily over the couch of suffering.

I do not know how long I remained there in the hospitals. I cannot remember, and I never asked. One morning I seemed to wake suddenly out of a long eclipse of life, a long, strange stagnation of faculties, through which a few vague and scattering thoughts had seemed to swim slowly and elusively.

I was in my own old bed and familiar room at home. I tried to rise from my pillow and take a look about me; but it seemed easier for me to lie still and listless, vaguely wondering, but with faint unreal thought; noting in the same half indifferent way that the fields and gardens were covered by snow, all unlike the greenness of those Virginia fields and woodlands I had last seen.

Then it occurred to me that I had been ill. I seemed to remember a burning brain and aching head, and something connected these with the hospitals. And my white, thin hands, and skeleton arms, my feeble listlessness—little by little I noted these and built up the probable theory of their cause. And then, little by little, I learned all; and heard how, summoned by the tidings of my terrible illness, my mother had hastened to Virginia and nursed me there through its most dangerous phases.

During this time, the army had been passing through the fiery jar and tumult of the greatest and most decisive battles of the war. Many women had lost their nearest and dearest. Mine was spared to me. But oh, so maimed and suffering, so feeble and wan! He had recovered, had been home and left again while I lay in that stupor of the faculties; and, dear fellow, they said he sorrowed more—far more—for me than for himself, and the loss of that good right-arm that threw him helpless on the world.

It was while I lay in that long convalescence that I first saw him—a wan spectre of his former self—moving about my room, and casting those pitying glances upon me that he would have deemed wasted upon himself.

In time he got his discharge and his pension, and began to think anxiously and seriously upon the necessity of seeking some occupation, for which, in spite of all the changes that had occurred, he would be fitted. Bela, the younger,—a pale, quiet, little fellow—had come as a new claimant on his father's time and cares. He must not be idle; and yet what could a poor one-armed soldier do, in the midst of the strife and turmoil of business and the hurry to be rich which ever marks American life?

He resolved at last to remove to the Western town which became our place of residence, and to open there what I believe is called a Land-office. If he needed an appointment from the Government, he got it; but I knew little of details at the time, owing to my feeble health.

My mother feared that I would not be able to endure the fatigues before me, but the physician's prophecy that the journey, the change, and the new responsibilities would help me greatly was found to be true. With the new home and the new life, both my husband and myself felt new strength. By the time the one had established business and arranged it in what he called "running order," and the other had her house settled and a household system in operation, we were astonished to find ourselves so well, so happy, so hopeful, and so charmed with all the surroundings of our new life.

I think we had been about a year in the West when the occurrence which I am about to relate and for the relation of which this little sketch has been written, took place.

It was on a dark winter-night: the streets were not alone sloppy, but the slow-falling winter-rain had filled them deep with mud, thick and tenacious as mortar. They were almost deserted, and nobody surely could be expected to venture out in them from any prompting save necessity.

This I represented to Bela as he rose from the tea-table and prepared to return to the office for the evening.

"There'll not be a soul at the office the whole evening," I said. "We have had few enough home-evenings together since we were married, and I think you might remain with me now!"

Bela demurred; he granted the unpropitiousness of the evening, but averred that, in his scheme of minor moralities, business always had precedence of pleasures; and so, laughing and bidding us good-bye, he went on his way.

It seemed a very long evening. I was alone, for servants are a scarce commodity in the West, and I kept none. Little Bela lisped his good-night early, and no neighbor braved the inclement weather to come to me. Pleasant book nor sewing sufficed for me; the dreary hours lengthened themselves and seemed made of countless minutes. I was restless and anxious, and could give no cause for either. Never had the evenings, so many of which I had spent in cheerful quietude under precisely similar circumstances, seemed so long and lonely.

At last the clock struck nine, and I listened for the expected footfall; yet moment after moment passed away, and he came not. An hour passed,—"He has met a friend," I said; then, "they have gone to sup at the hotel, or the new restaurant." I enforced patience for another hour.

The time wore slowly away, as I sat or paced the room in an increasing uneasiness and alarm. Twelve o'clock tolled forth from the ebony timepiece on the mantel. I could delay no longer, but I was torn by conflicting duties. How could I leave unprotected the house where my innocent little one slept? How refrain from gaining some knowledge of the whereabouts of the dear helpless husband who had never left me alone when it was possible to be with me? Every theory accounting for his absence was flung to the winds. I no longer strove to think he was in safety.

I carefully secured the fire, turned low the lamp, and wrapping my shawl about me, stepped into the dark wet street. As I turned the key in the lock, and sent up an unuttered prayer for the little unconscious innocent I was abandoning, a fierce swell of wind swept round the corner and pierced my wraps with an icy chill. I waited no longer, but with fleet footsteps I darted along the dark, deserted streets.

Winged by fear, the way was passed swiftly, and I soon stood in the principal street. No lights were visible save one, which as I advanced swiftly I saw burned dimly in my husband's office. I no longer needed assurance that something was wrong. I hurried on, burst recklessly into the dark passage, used by other tenants as well as my husband, and then, without a moment's pause, turned the lock and stepped into my husband's office. Naturally timid, only the deadly fear that possessed me could have made me forget that I was perhaps rushing into undreamed-of danger.

As I opened the door the wind rushed in, and the faint light flickered and died out. I had thrust matches in my pocket, unknowing why, and a moment sufficed to re-kindle the light. As I did so, a faint moan—a strange sound like an animal in pain, struck my ear. A cold shudder of fear crept over me, but I finished lighting the kerosene lamp, and replacing the chimney unbroken. It burned clear, and I gazed round tremblingly for the cause of the strange sound I had heard, and, as I did so, noticed the evident disorder of the room, the safe-door swinging open, and papers scattered on the floor. I seemed to notice without seeing them—to see only my husband stretched pallid and ghastly on the floor in the corner of the room.

"Oh, Bela! Bela!" was all I said, I think, but I knelt by his side and strove with the cords that bound him, with the gag thrust into his bleeding mouth.

I removed that first, and bathed the death cold brow. In a moment I heard him murmur a word or two with great difficulty, but they directed my attention to his pockets, in which I presently found a knife, with which I severed the cords. I could not lift him. He was large and tall, and the loss of his arm made him very helpless. Besides he had lain on the severed limb, and had endured agonies, and his strength was much exhausted.

In my haste to call assistance I ran out to the dark hall, from which stairs rose to the second story, and, in my reckless flight, encountered a man who seemed to have crouched at their foot. I screamed, and the sound was heard, and followed by the sudden opening of doors above. The man rushed past me, and was lost in the darkness of the night and the deserted streets.

I went back and found Bela in great agitation, struggling to rise.

"Has he gone? Why don't they try to catch him?" were his agitated questions, and, God forgive me, I deemed him losing his senses from the fear and suffering he had undergone.

Five minutes later the office was filled with men, he was raised to a seat, restoratives administered, and he was able to speak.

"Go after that man," he said, wildly—"the robber, I mean. Did any one see which way he went? I just saw him rush past the door," he continued, by way of explanation, when he saw that he was not understood. In a moment half-a-dozen men started in pursuit.

Then we gathered and secured the papers and locked the safe and office. Thousands of dollars were missing, and Bela looked ruin in the face. He said little, but I knew the agitation would be too much for him. A carriage was procured and took us home, and friendly neighbors volunteered to take care of the place, and conduct the pursuit.

"There was but one man," Bela said; "he came in about nine o'clock, and began to talk of a land claim, and when I told him to come in the morning, turned to the door as if to go. I got up to set things to rights before leaving, when, as my back was toward him, he rushed suddenly upon me, and thrust this gag into my mouth before I had time to cry out. I defended myself as well as I could, with my left hand, when he threw me down, bound me, as you saw, and taking the key of the safe from my pocket, helped himself to whatever he chose of its valuable contents. The result is, I am ruined unless he can be found. Here in this lighted room, on a public street, and in a building occupied by many tenants, it was all done so silently as to arouse no attention. When he had finished, he turned down the light and went out, carefully closing the door. I hardly think I should have lived till morning—I owe my life to my dear wife."

We found our home safe, and little Bela sleeping soundly; and we tried to sleep ourselves, but in vain. Bela was suffering in body and frantic with anxiety. We knew not how to meet this terrible misfortune.

I rose before the dawn, which came late this lowering wintry morning. I was very sad, but my duties demanded attention all the same as if I was perfectly happy.

The light glanced and glimmered from the windows as I moved about, and soon I was surprised at the quick, loud ringing of the bell.

"I hope they have caught him," I cried aloud as I hastened toward the door, prepared to hear the report of some neighbor.

But nothing was to be seen; and after looking around I was turning away, wondering and disappointed, when my foot touched a package that lay on the threshold. I picked it up and carried it within to examine it by the lamp. It was a small, square package, neatly folded in brown paper, and addressed to me. I opened it curiously, wondering, but certainly not guessing, what it contained.

Numerous wraps were laid aside, and then came a large, flat portfolio, or bill case; then a goodly pile of green-backs, papered and labelled with the amount. I gave a shrill scream of surprise at sight of these, and dropped on the floor, weak, but not faint, and there Bela found me when he rushed down stairs at the sound.

There lay the heaped-up papers, the Treasury notes, the bill case, and sundry slips of white paper, written things that had a name and value, though I can not rightly explain it.

And Bela cried, with a loud, hoarse voice, "Our fortune has come back!" and sank on a chair beside me. Every dollar taken from his safe was there, and we were saved.

One little note, addressed to me, lay among the papers, and in a cramped, shaky hand was written:

"MADAM—I want money, and could rob a man, even if he were a soldier like me; but I can't rob the woman who saved my life in hospital at ——. I saw you when you came after your husband; and here is my plunder. Tell him he owes this good luck to you; and he might just as well give over trying to catch me, for he can't do it."

Well, it was true. We got all the money, and we did not catch the robber. I had never been sorry for having well nigh given my life for the soldiers. I was less so than ever when I read that note and saw the saved fortune on the table.

MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The night of the seventeenth of October,—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant down-pour of the rain? I had heard of lonely wayfarers being lost in the woods before; I had pitied them; but now I fully realized the vague terror, the undefined danger which broods over the Lost!

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could just hear the roar of the turbulent stream some forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a mis-step or a move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been contented to keep in the high road?

"I should have reached the railroad station an hour ago if I had not foolishly imagined the wood-path would be more direct; now I have wandered off, nobody knows how many miles out of civilization, and if I escape with a whole skin and sound bones, I shall consider myself particularly lucky. Hold on,—was that a light, or are my eyes playing me as false as did my common sense?"

I stopped, holding on to the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It *was* a light—thank Providence, it was a light, and no ignus fatuus or corpse-gleam to lure me on to destruction and death.

"Halloo-o-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion, strengthened by the energy of desperation; the light hesitated, oscillated back and forth, and finally stood still. I plunged onward through tangled vines, dense briars, and rocky banks, until, gradually nearing, I could perceive a bent figure wrapped in an old oil-cloth cape, or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude and the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled, hideous old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow stumps of teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R—— Station?"

"Yes; R—— Station is twelve miles from here!"

"Twelve miles?"

I stood aghast.

"Yes."

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No!"

"Where are *you* going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so. 'Taint a tavern, but folks do stop there once in a while."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me, though he must have been nearly seventy-five years of age, and bent with infirmity. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed like trackless woods, and keeping straight on until the lights of some habitation gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the windows all drawn to one side as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away; yet Aladdin's castle could scarcely have looked pleasanter or more welcome to me, wayworn and weary as I was.

A woman answered my fellow-traveller's knock—a woman apparently about thirty-five or forty years of age, with reddish-brown hair wound in thick braids about her head, and curious, half-shut eyes. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome. "She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them, such as they were."

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet!"

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, with my valise close to me, while the woman threw on fresh logs, drew out a round pine table, and produced bread, cold meat and a bottle of some spirituous compound. I ate a few mouthfuls of the bread, but did not touch the other articles.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly." The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you *no!*"

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you lodge me, only make haste!"

The woman's smooth apologies were profuse. "She only wished to make me comfortable, and Isaac's room always leaked in wet spells." So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in the corner of the room, into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table, with one or two chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman set the light—an oil lamp—on the table.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you."

"I hope you'll sleep well, sir;—when shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R—— Station in time for the seven o'clock express."

"I'll be sure and call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down, and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

Wearied as I had become, I felt no inclination to sleep; in fact, it seemed as if I had never been more wakeful in all my life. I walked up and down the narrow room; I lay down on the bed, trying to woo slumber by listening to the ceaseless drip, drip of the rain upon the roof; but all in vain; my brain seemed preternaturally active.

"I will sit down and write to Berenice," I thought. "That will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still glowed redly on the stone beneath; my companion and the woman sat beside it, talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating—a short, stout, villainous-looking man in a red flannel shirt and muddy trowsers.

I asked for writing materials. A bottle of ink, a stumpy pen, and a couple of sheets of soiled paper, were brought out of a little cupboard in the chimney, and I returned to my room to write to my wife.

"*My Darling Berenice.*"

I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters—she, my fair little Italian flower, now regaining her lost roses under the blue balmy sky of her native land. Sweet little Berenice! She, at least, was spared the perils of this stormy midnight!

Not until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded the paper, I happened to glance towards my couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the cracks of the board partition? or was it but my own fancy? Whatever it was, it sent a cold chill through the very marrow of my bones. I took my light to reconnoitre. There was a crack there, but only blank darkness beyond; yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep; I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valise close to the head of my bed, and barricading the lockless door with the two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, some startling electric thrill coursed through all my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow and quiver through the room—no light of moon or star was ever so soft or penetrating—and by the little window I saw Berenice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long golden hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed towards her, but as I reached the window the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. At the self-same instant, the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillar—straight, straight through the very spot where, ten seconds since, my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the ledge of the window, jumping some eight or ten feet into the tangled rose-bushes below, and as I crouched there, recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with the half-closed eyes.

"Of course he is," growled a voice back, "that charge would have killed *ten* men! A light there, quick! and tell Tom to be ready to dispose of it."

"It!" A cold, agonized shudder ran through me as I realized what "it" meant. What den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape. With a speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illumined by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track, or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine; but some merciful Providence encompassed me with guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky, I was close to the high road, some seven miles from R——.

Once at the town, I told my story to the local police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot. After much searching, and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old shanty; but it was empty and deserted. Our birds had flown; nor did I ever recover my valise and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police: "and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, they'll come back here just at present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is to come yet. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister, who was with Berenice in her Italian home—a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something very, very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened to us on the night of the seventeenth of October. Berenice had not been so well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week; and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late; the clock had just struck one, when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing cold and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance; but all our efforts seemed vain to restore life or animation. I was just about sending Antonie for the doctor when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

"'Berenice!' I exclaimed, 'how you have terrified us all! Are you ill?'

"'Not ill,' she answered; 'but I feel so strange. Gracie, I have been with my husband!'

"And all our reasonings failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the night of the seventeenth of October, or rather on the morning of the eighteenth. Where and how she cannot tell; but we think it must have been some dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths and apparitions; but this thing I do know—that although my Italian wife was at Naples, in the body, the morning of the eighteenth of October, her spirit surely stood beside me in the moment of the deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that, to the subtle instinct and strength of a wife's holy love, all things are possible; but Berenice surely saved my life.

* * *

—Prayer is not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul.

* * *

—Amongst such as out of cunning hear all and talk little, be sure to talk less; or if you must talk, say little.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A BELL-RINGER in Oxford, named Brown, having been almost killed by the clapper of a bell falling on him, an arch young student seeing his mischance, and conceiving the wound incurable, wrote over against the place where the accident happened, these verses:

Here lies John Brown, the University capper.
That lived by the bell, and died by the clapper.

But Brown recovering, and seeing these verses, wrote underneath:

John Brown's alive, and lives in hope
To live by the bell, when thou diest by the rope.

CONCLUSIVE TESTIMONY.—A witness being called to give evidence in a court in Connecticut respecting the loss of a shirt, gave the following, "Mother said, that Ruth said, that Nell said, that Poll told her, that she see a man that see a boy run through the street with a streaked flannel shirt, all checker, checker, checker; and our gals won't lie, for mother has whipped them a thousand times for lying."

A CHARACTERISTIC anecdote is related of an out-at-elbows poet, who, by some freak of fortune, came into possession of a five dollar bill. He called to a lad, and said—"Johnny, my boy, take *William* and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it *William?*" inquired the wondering lad. "Why, John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it *Bill.*"

LITERARY POLITENESS.—One writer taunts a brother knight of the quill by saying, "Try again, slanderer of cripples and school-girls;" and the playful answer comes: "We don't do such things, thank you, and whoever says we do lies. Try again, ruffian, knave, and sneak from paying tax on your property."

A CHRISTIAN brother was lately giving in a religious meeting the experiences of himself and family, saying, among other things, that his first wife was a very good woman, but she sickened and died in a happy frame of mind, and he should rejoice if his present partner would go just the same way.

"No, no! you *sha'n't* do it!" exclaimed an old lady, as she sprang to her nephew's side and firmly grasped an umbrella which he was about to carry out into the rain, adding, "that umbrella haint been wet these twenty-three years, and I aint a-going to have it wetted now in its ripe old age."

"THERE are some things which will never be hurt by falling," growled an old man in Washington Market the other morning. "What's *them?*" inquired a huckster. "*Prices,*" said the old man, "they're so awful *slow* in falling, that they'll never get smashed."

"WE'VE lost a great many hogs this season, by the new disease," said an Indianian to a traveler. "The *new* disease! what's that?" "Lightnin', sir; it takes 'em awful sudden, and they dies without a single squeal."

A LADY complained of the insolence of some coal heavers. "To tell you the truth, madam," answered the employer, apologetically, "we have failed in our efforts to get gentlemen to undertake the business."

EFFECTS OF SPECULATION.—A speculator at the West recently said to a friend—"When I first came to Chicago I had not a *rag* to my back, and now I am covered with rags."

"MY boy," said a distinguished merchant to his son who was meditating matrimony, "be sure, in making your selection, to get hold of a piece of goods that will wash."

THE young ladies of this generation are very public-spirited; there's hardly any of them that wouldn't be willing to have her paternal domicile used as a court-house.

"PA, are cannibals people that live on other folks?" "Yes, my dear." "Then, pa, Uncle George must be a cannibal, for ma says he's always living on somebody."

AVOID argument with the ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; he may consider himself wound up.

"MACDUFF! what a singular appellation for a hen. Pray, madam, why did you give her that name?" "Because I wanted her to 'lay on.'"

A WALL-STREET CONUNDRUM.—Why is a forged note like a whisper? Because it is uttered, but not allowed (aloud.)

WHEN may the funds be supposed to be unsteady? When money is "tight."

WHAT herb is it that cures all diseases? Thyme (time).

CURRENT ITEMS.

A HORSE, attached to a small wagon containing two ladies and three children, ran away in Bethlehem, N. H., and coming to a narrow portion of the road, on one side of which was a deep gulf with precipitous bank, the wheels of the wagon ran over the edge, and horse, vehicle and contents, all went crashing down some eighty feet. The horse was killed; but, strange to say, neither women nor children were severely injured.

THREE brothers living in Natchitoches, La., one of whom was a judge, another a doctor, and the third a planter, murdered a neighbor, a few weeks ago, for political and private hatred. The doctor and the judge were arrested and taken to New Orleans for sure keeping, where they recently died in prison, and the planter is now a fugitive in Texas, with officers of justice on his track hunting him down.

A LADY living in Louisville, Ky., was killed by the sting of a bee, a short time since, while in her garden. The bee stung her twice, first on the neck, and then under the left eye. She lived only about ten minutes. This is the second lady who has been killed by a bee-sting during the present season.

A MAN, who refused to give his name, was bitten by a dog supposed to be mad, in the Third avenue, on Thursday afternoon of last week. His reason for withholding his name, as given by himself, was, that it would injure his credit were it known that he had been bitten by a mad dog.

A BOOT was found floating in the East River, the other day, and, on being fished out by a boatman, he was horrified by discovering that the boot contained a portion of a human leg and the foot belonging to it. The boot and contents were taken to the Bellevue Hospital.

A HORRIBLE throat-cutting occurred in Cuba, about nine miles from Havana, a short time since,—a young and jealous Cuban, for purposes of revenge, first cutting the throats of his sweetheart and of his rival, and then finishing up by cutting his own.

A FARMER in Minnesota killed himself with a musket, shooting half of his head off, because his crops had been ruined by heavy rains. It was the third year that the poor man's hopes had been blighted, and he gave up the life-struggle in despair.

DURING the last passage of the steamer *Rising Star* from Aspinwall to this port, the ship's painter, who was painting just forward of the wheel, fell from the chains which supported him, was hit by the wheel and never seen again.

HOSEA GRAIK, a Mormon, was killed and devoured by a grizzly bear, about ten miles from Salt Lake city, while he was out looking for an oil-well, which one of his wives had dreamed about the night before.

A DESTITUTE woman in Augusta, Ga., being served with a summons in an action for debt, squared all her earthly accounts by cutting her throat. The destitution in some parts of the South is still frightful.

IN Los Angeles County, California, a couple grape-growers got into a fight, when one of them knocked the other down with a spade, and then split open his skull with the same implement.

NO less than five persons—two men and three boys—were drowned in the East and Hudson rivers, in one evening, last week. The boys went in bathing, and the men fell in accidentally.

A SAVAGE fight occurred in Hudson City, N. J., on Friday evening of last week, between a couple of roughs, who pummelled and gouged one another in a shocking manner.

THE boddices of ladies' ball and party dresses, in London and Paris, are said to be becoming frightfully meagre, and seem to be patterned after those of infants in arms.

A BROOKLYN rowdy was arrested the other day and fined ten dollars for setting a couple of dogs fighting in the street.

A GIRL only fourteen years old lately committed suicide near Raleigh, N. C., "an account of unrequited love."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

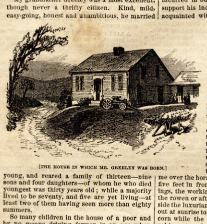
By HORACE GREELEY.

No. IV.

RURAL NEW-ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Three brothers named Greeley (spelled five different ways) migrated to America in 1640. One settled in Maine, where he has many living descendants; another in Rhode Island, where he soon died; a third in Salisbury, Mass., near the south line of New Hampshire, into which his descendants soon migrated, if he did not. One large family of them hail from Gilmanton; another, to whom I am less remotely related, from Wilton; my own great-grandfather (named Zaccheus, as was his son my grandfather, and *his* son my father) lived in or on the verge of Londonderry, in what was in my youth Nottingham-West, and is now Hudson, across the Merrimac from Nashua, (which was then Dunstable or nothing). I never heard of a Woodburn of our stock who was not a farmer; but the Greeleys of our clan, while mainly farmers, are in part blacksmiths. Some of them have in this century engaged in trade, and are presumed to have acquired considerable property; but these are not of the tribe of Zaccheus.

My grandfather Greeley was a most excellent, though never a thrifty citizen. Kind, mild, easy-going, honest and unambitious, he married young, and reared a family of thirteen—nine sons and four daughters—of whom he who died youngest was thirty years old; while a majority lived to be seventy, and five are yet living—at least two of them having seen more than eighty summers.



[THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. GREELEY WAS BORN.]

So many children in the house of a poor and by no means driving farmer, in an age when food and cloth cost twice the labor they now do, made economy rather a necessity than a virtue; but I presume none of those children ever suffered protractedly from hunger, while all of them obtained such education as was afforded by the common schools of sixty to eighty years ago; or, if not, the fault was their own. Still, the school-houses were ruder and rarer, the teachers less competent, and the terms much shorter, than now; while attendance was quite irregular, being suspended on slight pretexts; so that I have heard my father say that his winter's schooling after he came of age—when for three months he hired his board, attended constantly and studied diligently—was worth more to him than all that preceded it.

My grandfather owned and worked small farms successively in Hudson, Pelham, Nottingham and Londonderry, and was living in the latter town for a second or third time when, on the death of his wife when he was about seventy-five years old, he sold out and went to spend his remaining days with his son Gilbert, living in Manchester; but, that son dying before him, he found a home thenceforth in Londonderry, with his older son John, whose farm all but joins that of the Woodburns in "the High Range"—the respective houses being but a hundred rods apart—and here, in his fullness of days, he died, aged 94. (My grandfather Woodburn had died at 85, nearly thirty years before.) A devoted, consistent, life-long Christian—originally of the Baptist, but ultimately of the Methodist persuasion—exemplary in deportment and blameless in life, I do not believe that my grandfather Greeley ever made an enemy; and, while he never held an office, and his property was probably at no time worth two thousand dollars, and generally ranged from $1,000 to zero, I think few men were ever more sincerely and generally esteemed than he by those who knew him.

My father—married at 25 to Mary Woodburn, aged 19—went first to live with his father, whose farm he was to work, and inherit, supporting the old folks and their still numerous minor children; but he soon tired of this and seceded; migrating to and purchasing the farm whereon six of his seven children were born.

The old road to Amherst, from the Merrimac, at what in my childhood was Amoskeag Falls, crossed by a rickety old bridge, with but two or three houses in sight, and is now the manufacturing city of Manchester, with 25,000 inhabitants, passes through the little village of Piscataquoag, near the mouth of the creek of like name; thence through the township and village of Bedford, and, zigzagging over the gentler hills, descends, when about five miles from "Amherst Plain," or village, and just on the verge of the township, into the deep valley of a brook, not yet quite large enough for a mill-stream. (The road now traveled is far smoother and better, and passes a mile or two southward of the old one.) The "Stewart farm," of some 40 acres, (enlarged by my father to 50,) covers the hillside and meadow north of the road, with a few acres south of it, and lies partly in Bedford, but mostly in Amherst. The soil is a gravelly loam, generally strong, but hard and rocky; grass, heavy at first, "binds out" the third or fourth year, when the land must be broken up, tilled, manured and seeded down again; and a breaking-up team, in my early boyhood, was made up of four yoke of oxen and a horse, whereby an acre per day was seldom plowed. Across the brook were two or three little knolls, of an acre or so each, in good part composed of water-worn pebbles—the *debris* of I know not what antediluvian commotion and collision of glaciers and marine currents—which, when duly fertilized and tilled, produced freely of corn or potatoes; but which, being laid down to grass, utterly refused to respond, deeming itself better adapted to the growth of sorrel, milk-weed or mullein. The potato yielded more bounteously then than it does now, and was freely grown to be fed into pork; but I reckon that Indian corn cost treble if not quadruple the labor per bushel that our Western friends now give for it; while wheat yielded meagerly and was a very uncertain crop. Rye and oats did much better, and were favorite crops to "seed down" upon; "rye and Indian" were the bases of the farmer's staff of life; and, when well made, no bread is more palatable or wholesome. The hop culture was then common in our section; and, though fearfully hazardous—there being no yield one year and no price the next—was reckoned inviting and productive. My father estimated hops at ten cents per pound as profitable a crop as corn at one dollar per bushel.

My father bought and removed to this farm early in 1808; here his first two children died; here I was born, (February 3d, 1811,) and my only surviving brother on the 12th of June, 1812. The house—a modest, framed, unpainted structure of one story—was then quite new; it was only modified in our time by filling up and making narrower the old-fashioned kitchen fire-place, which, having already devoured all the wood on the farm, yawned ravenously for more. This dwelling faces the road from the north on a bench about two-thirds down the hill; the orchard of natural fruit covers two or three acres of the hillside north-east of the house, with the patch of garden and a frog-pond between. It seemed to me that sweeter and more spicy apples grew in that neglected orchard than can now be bought in market; and it is not a mere notion that most fruits attain their highest and best flavor at or near the coldest latitude in which they can be grown at all. That orchard was not young fifty years ago; and, having been kept constantly in pasture, never tilled nor enriched, and rarely pruned, must be nearly run out by this time.

Being the older son of a poor and hard working farmer, struggling to pay off the debt he had incurred in buying his high-priced farm, and to support his increasing family, I was early made acquainted with labor. I well remember the cold summer (1816,) when we rose on the 8th of June to find the earth covered with a good inch of newly-fallen snow—when there was frost every month, and corn did not fill till October. Plants grew very slowly that season, while burrowing insects fed and fattened on them. My task for a time was to precede my father as he hoed his corn, dig open the hills, and kill the wire-worms and grubs that were anticipating our dubious harvest. To "ride horse to plow" soon became my more usual vocation; the horse preceding and guiding the oxen, save when furrowing for or tilling the planted crops. Occasionally, the plow would strike a fast stone, and bring up the team all standing, pitching me over the horse's head, and landing me three to five feet in front. In the frosty autumn mornings, the working teams had to be "baited" on the rowen or aftermath of thick, sweet grass beside the luxuriant corn, (maize;) and I was called out at sunrise to watch and keep them out of the corn while the men ate their breakfast before yoking up and going afield. My bare feet imbibed a prejudice against that line of duty; but such premature rising induced sleepiness; so, if my feet had not ached, the oxen would have had a better chance for corn.

Burning charcoal in the woods south and south-west of us was a favorite though very slow method of earning money in those days. The growing wood, having then no commercial value, could usually be had for nothing; but the labor of cutting it down and reducing it to the proper length, piling it skillfully, covering the heap with sods, or with straw and earth, and then expelling every element but the carbon by smothered combustion, is rugged and tedious. I have known a pit of green wood to be nine days in burning; and every pit must be watched night and day till the process is complete. Night-watching by a pit has a fascination for green boys who have hitherto slept soundly and regularly through the dark hours; but a little of it usually suffices. To sit or lie in a rude forest-hut of boards or logs, located three or four rods from the pit, with a good fire burning between, and an open, flaring front looking across the fire at the pit, is a pleasant novelty of a mild, quiet evening; and many a jovial story has been told, many a pleasant game of cards, fox-and-geese, or checkers played, and (I fear) some watermelons lawlessly purveyed from neighboring fields and gardens, by night-watching charcoal-burners. But the taste for turning out, looking for and stopping the holes that are frequently burnt through the covering of the pit, is easily sated; while a strong wind that drives the smoke of fire and pit into the open mouth of your shanty, and threatens to set fire to the straw flooring on which you recline, is soon regarded as a positive nuisance, especially if accompanied by a pelting storm. In a wild night, your pit breaks out far oftener than in calm weather, requiring constant attention and effort to keep it from burning up altogether, thus consuming the fruits of weeks of arduous toil. And, after a week of coal-burning, you find it hard to return to regular sleep, but wake away every hour or so and instinctively jump up to see how the pit is going on.

Picking stones is a never-ending labor on one of those rocky New-England farms. Pick as closely as you may, the next plowing turns up a fresh eruption of boulders and pebbles, from the size of a hickory-nut to that of a tea-kettle; and, as this work is mainly to be done in March or April, when the earth is saturated with ice-cold water, if not also whitened with falling snow, youngsters soon learn to regard it with detestation. I filially love the "Granite State," but could well excuse the absence of sundry subdivisions of her granite.

"Hop-picking" was the rural carnival—the festive harvest-home—of those old times, answering to the vintage of southern France or Italy. The hop matures about the first of September, when the vines are cut near the ground, the poles pulled up and laid successively across forked sticks lengthwise of a large bin, into which busy fingers from either side rapidly strip the hops—each pole, when stripped, being laid aside and replaced by another. The bin having been filled, the hops are drawn to the kiln, wherein they are cured by exposure for hours to a constant, drying heat from a charcoal fire below; after which, they are pressed, like cotton, into bales so compact and dense as to defy easy disintegration. The pickers are mainly young women—the daughters of neighboring farmers—and the older children of both sexes; while the handling of the poles demands masculine strength and energy; the work is pushed with ardor, often by rival groups employed at different bins, racing to see which will first have its bin full. The evenings are devoted to social companionship and rustic merry-making; friends drop in to enjoy and increase the festivity; and, if Hop-picking is not now an agreeable labor, despite the sore eyes sometimes caught from it, then rural life in hop-growing districts has lost what was one of its pleasantest features half a century ago.

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THE CHAPEL OF TWO SAINTS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

In a famous Irish city
Stands a chapel snug and small;
Some old penitent's oblation,
With a double dedication,
To St. Peter and St. Paul.

II.

To a soul so stoutly guarded
What of evil could befall?
When was ever plan completer
Without robbery of Peter,
Paying thus his due to Paul?

III.

There it was I saw a lady,
Very round and ripe and tall;
Surely never face was sweeter
Than she turned upon St. Peter,
After bowing to St. Paul.

IV.

Long and ardently I worshipped—
Not the Saints, nor yet their Master
But my feminine ideal;
Mea culpa! she was real
Flesh and blood, and they were plaster!

V.

Good St. Anthony was tempted,
Though a frigid old divine,
(Showing saints are only human)
But he never saw a woman
Half so beautiful as mine!

VI.

Pardon then my bad behavior,
(Thus upon the twain I call)
As if you were in my case,
And were asking special grace
Of St. Peter and St. Paul!

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EMPRESS AND EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

BY BURLEIGH.

The most popular lady in France, without question, is the Empress. She is benignant, intellectual, and handsome. Her beauty is a style that will not fade. She is really a woman of talent. She is the wisest and most practical of the Imperial advisers. She sits at the Council-Board, and discusses with the ministry matters of State. She has often presided as Regent, in the absence of the Emperor. She is prompt and efficient, presides with great tact, and holds the Imperial Senate sharply to the questions her husband wishes discussed. In appearance, she is in marked contrast to the nobility of France. She is tall and genteel in form, a complexion of alabaster whiteness, and a peculiar taste in dressing that the word Elegant fitly represents. On the other hand, the French ladies are short and fat, with a dumpy kind of look, an untidy way of wearing their hair, and an expression of coarseness on their features. They have great taste for other people, but very little for themselves. Were she dressed as plainly as a governess, and bore no insignia of royalty about her, the Empress would be at once selected in the midst of a thousand French women, by her personal appearance and her taste indicated in her dress. She is an active friend to all forms of want: she goes the rounds of the hospitals, private as well as national. She never goes empty-handed, but, in the humblest abode, leaves some token of her kind heart. Her heroic conduct during the late visit of the cholera will never be forgotten. There was a panic in Paris, and even paid nurses fled from the bedside of the sufferers. Dressed in the simplest garb, the Empress went through all the cholera-wards, administered cordials, medicines, and delicacies with her own hand; shamed the timid, called out the brave, allayed the panic, and became the idol of the nation. She understands the temper of France, and does much towards keeping down the discontent which always exists to some extent in the gay capital. The workmen must have work, or the Throne is insecure. The lovers of pleasure—and they are counted by tens of thousands—must have their amusements, or barricades fill the streets. The gay promenade from the gates of the Tuileries to the Triumphal arch, known as the Champ d'Elysée, is filled every day by an immense throng, who occupy the chairs that fill the entire pathway. On one side of this avenue are booths, and tents, and gardens full of hobby-horses, toys, mimic theatres, pantomime, and cheap amusements for the million. Along this Boulevard roll the carriages of the nobles and officers of State. Every day, the elegant cortege of the Empress can be seen rolling up and down this brilliant thoroughfare—sometimes the Emperor by her side, sometimes the Prince Imperial, often alone. While the Emperor sits crouched in the corner of his carriage, scowling a look of discontent and annoyance, the Empress is kind and complacent to all. Her forehead is broad and high, her look benignant, but searching. To the humblest sweep or workman who lifts his hat to her, she returns a gracious bow. On the day the Exposition was opened, she seemed to enjoy herself like a school-girl. Chatting with the exhibitors, clapping her hands in ecstacy over some marvel of invention, tarrying behind while her silent husband strode on, running to overtake him, darting into this alcove and then into that, visibly excited at the hearty cheers from the English and Americans—who joined to give the royal pair a warm reception,—drinking in the full enjoyment of the occasion, and taking no care to conceal it. A devoted Catholic, she has a Protestant governess and tutor for the Prince Imperial.

The Emperor is stout and heavy. Those who talk of his breaking, and of his sickly and declining appearance, know nothing of what they speak. His look is that of talent and mental strength. No portraits do him justice. He is a bad walker. His legs are short and very disproportioned to his body, which gives him a diminutive look. He is fond of horse-back riding, because he sits well and is a good rider. But he is seldom now on horseback except at reviews. His favorite horse is a bright bay, brought from Hungary. This horse is stout, strong and intelligent. He understands the movements of the army as well as the General-in-Chief. No money could buy him. The Emperor seldom rides, except in state with his postillions and outriders. He dresses very plainly, usually in a black suit; latterly he affects the gray coat of his uncle. As a man he is not popular; he is cold, austere, silent, and sullen. Lassitude and impatience blend in his dominion. He has the appearance of being tired. He is greeted with very little enthusiasm when he appears in public, partly from the fact that he pays no attention to the shouts of the populace. In his afternoon drives he comes out in state in an open carriage, and rides slowly, that the populace, who never tire of looking on the imperial cortege, may be gratified.

In the Great Exposition there is a chapel fitted up for Protestant worship. It was dedicated by the United Protestant Church. The Earl of Shaftesbury, a peer of England, presided at the opening. Bibles translated into every language are for sale, and Protestant books in every tongue. France is a Catholic country. Great efforts were made to prevent this feature of the exhibition from taking place. But the Emperor said that this was an exhibition for all nations, and every religion should be equally represented and have the fullest freedom. The Empress, as a friend of toleration, had much to do with this arrangement. No man in the world, probably, devotes more hours to business than the Emperor. He is the State. The ministers and senators are mere clerks to do his bidding. A portion of the day is devoted strictly to the affairs of government. A part of the Tuileries is the office of state. Guards tramp around; couriers come and go; the whole scene is lively and exciting till three o'clock, when the offices close, and the imperial carriage drives up for the usual ride.

The Tuileries, now united with the Louvre, form a vast quadrangle. The portion fronting on the Champ d'Elysée is the imperial residence. It is shut off from the great square inside the quadrangle by a tall iron fence. Opposite the great gateway is the Arch of Victory erected by Napoleon the First, under which the Emperor's carriage drives. The rest of the palace is as little like the abode of royalty as can be imagined. There is no privacy about the palace. A narrow strip of ground, in which is grass and flowers, is shut off from the garden of the Tuileries by a low iron fence. The main entrance to the palace is in full view of the multitude, where men tramp all the day long, and vans, cabs, omnibusses, butchers' carts, and grocery wagons, cross and recross all the day. What are called the elegant gardens of the palace are simply a vast plot of ground inclosed within the iron gates without a spear of grass anywhere, hard and coarse gravel meeting the eye in every direction, with immense elm trees growing up out of the hard unwilling soil. A sickly fountain, not over clean, does its best to mellow the hard aspect of the place.

In joining the Louvre with the Tuileries, the emperor has erected a gallery to his own name. He calls it the Gallery of Napoleon the Third. It is one of the most interesting spots in Paris. It is full of the trophies of the Idol of France. Here are seen various dresses of the emperor, from the garb he wore when, a subaltern, he saw the mob attack the Tuileries, and lead Louis XVI. forth a prisoner, to the dress he wore at St. Helena. His camp stools and saddles—his chair as consul and throne as emperor—the robe with which he was crowned—his court dresses and royal saddles—the bed on which he slept—the cradle and court dress of the King of Rome. Hours can be spent with great interest in this gallery. It is usually filled with soldiers. Their love for the emperor is very touching. The iron fence that surrounds the Column Vendome is hung thick with garlands, which the soldiers place and renew from time to time. With uncovered head and silent tramp, they may be found in great numbers at the Tomb of the Great Captain whenever the public are admitted.

All the acts of Napoleon betray a sense of insecurity, and indicate that the tenure by which he holds his throne is not firm. When he became emperor his first act was to remove the pavement in front of his palace. The good work he has kept up till the stones have been taken from all the streets and boulevards, and the McAdamized pathway substituted. Immense boulevards, all radiating from a common centre, where cannon can be planted if need be, have replaced the narrow, dangerous streets, where crowds defied the authorities and hurled down huge stones on the soldiers. It was a long time before the Emperor felt safe in the Tuileries. He does not even now use the state carriage. It is too magnificent, and has too many unwelcome associations connected with it to be in common use. It is not even kept in Paris, but is on show at Versailles. The Emperor rode in it at his marriage and at the christening of the Prince Imperial, but it is too suggestive for daily wear.

The Prince Imperial is a lad of about a dozen summers. He is handsome and manly. He has his mother's beauty, but bears about the same relation to his father in talent that the young King of Rome did to Napoleon the First. He has been taught self-reliance, and does not regard himself as a boy. A toy carriage was made for him by one of the great builders of the city. In its way it was quite a gem. With the carriage came a couple of miniature ponies not much bigger than cats. The Prince turned away in disdain from the bauble, and ordered it to be placed in the stables on exhibition, where it now remains. He is the President of the Exposition. He has a complete establishment at Almy as Heir Apparent to the throne. He has fifty horses and ponies, and a complete set of carriages and outriders, all in imperial style. He is quite a soldier, is a member of the Imperial Guard, and can put a battallion through the exercise equal to any drill-master in the army.

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DOG-DAYS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

To whomsoever human nature is a pleasant study, I would recommend as an inviting field a summer boarding-place. Wood, rocks and lakes are nothing beside human nature. We can form some sort of an idea on geological, aquarian, and other principles, why *they* exist. We quite endorse the Scriptural statement at creation that they are all "very good." But I am puzzled to know why a woman who can do nothing but simper and fold her hands should be married and have children without number, and another beneath whose large motherly heart no little one ever has or ever will nestle, should go mourning all her days on account of it. Why a man whose every impulse and feeling and purpose are unswervingly in the right direction should have an empty pocket; and a mean, narrow-minded, ignorant, miserable apology for a man, have his tight fist on a full one. Why consumptives and scrofulous people should insist on industriously increasing the census, and men and women made physically on the right principles pertinaciously cling to celibacy. Why the serving-maid should have more womanliness, intelligence, and goodness, than the mistress whose irate voice makes her tremble. Why the clergyman should pay such undeviating attention to the *soul* of his child that he cannot spare time to see that his body at twelve years of age is "standing from under." Why a man marries a woman merely for her beauty, and is disgusted in two weeks that she has not turned out an intellectual companion. Why a good man, but *not* an *intellectual* one, marries a "strong-minded woman," and instantly sets about teaching her that obedience and silence are the first duties of wives. Why young men should decline marriage on the score that "they cannot afford it," when they spend more than would support a family, on their vices. Why a man with the proportions of Hercules should have a voice like a squeaking door-hinge, and a lovely girl deafen you every time she opens her rosebud mouth. In short, why, when men and women are such natural curiosities—singly or in groups, married or celibate—should showmen, at such cost of outlay, stock their premises with anacondas and giraffes, when their fellow-critters "would be so rich" an exhibition?

But think as long and as industriously as I may on these vexed questions, no solution comes. I turn them over to some philosopher who will unravel the skein while I take an evening sail upon the lake. In fact, when I get *there*, I don't care what becomes of my kind, so that my sunset sail is not denied me. Nor is this as selfish as it seems, since I should not be safe company for them in the dog-days without this soothing process. Keep close to the shore now, oh, boatman; and, above all, keep silence. Pickerel are good in their way, but bony; and I would fain listen dreamily to the plashing oar, and the twit-twit of the little birds as they seek their nests in the trees, while my eye rests on the changing clouds and their reflections in the smooth mirror below. Vex me not with talk of "dead-swells" and "white-caps." I would sail here till midnight in silence, and thence straight into the other world, before a ripple of earthly fret came over my spirit.

But it is not to be. One of our party "wants to pick pond-lilies," slimy and smell-less; *not* like the dear old pond-lilies in Massachusetts, though mockingly like in form and color. Another is yelling at an echo, which answers back as persistently as if it were of the feminine gender; but, unlike the feminine gender, always *agrees* colloquially. Another pokes me up from my reverie to know "why I am so stupid?" And now when the shadows are loveliest and the moon beginning to silver the lake, the universal voice is "to land." Let them go. Good riddance! Two of us stay with the boatman. Now flash up the Northern lights! Now appears the evening star, crowning yonder hill, and twinkling defiantly in the very face of the new moon. Plucky star! That's right! to take for your motto that of America—*Room and freedom for all.*

"What will we *ever* do when we get back to New York?" dolefully asked little bright-eyes of me, the other day, as she came in with her apron full of mosses and flowers. That's just it. That's what *I* want to know. No cool lake awaits me there at eventide, on whose broad expanse one can float into serenity. But instead, gas-lighted, unventilated public assemblies, where vexed questions are agitated; and in place of bird-singing, inodorous streets, full of children whose "childhood" is a myth. And for the lovely fresh morning, with its aromatic odors, the whoop of milkmen, and the rush of street cars, and the old maelstrom whirl of business, folly and sin. My very soul sickens to think of it. I *won't* think of it. I'll lay off and dream, so that I don't forget to overhaul my "Ledger" once a week and "make a note *on't.*" FANNY FERN.

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THE BEACH.

Commend us, at this sultry season, to a quiet spot on the margin of the sea. The fashionable bathing places are delightful, no doubt, to persons who would consider it undignified to shake hands with the sea-gods except in kid gloves; but those who love the ocean for itself prefer to enjoy its buffets and its breezes where there is more elbow-room and less ceremony. When one reflects that the Atlantic seaboard extends from latitude forty-four almost to the edge of the northern tropic, it seems absurd that multitudes professedly in search of health and ease should consent to be penned up, season after season, like sheep in shearing-time (and for *the same purpose*) in five or six pet localities, not a whit superior in natural advantages to hundreds o-others that may be found within convenient disf tances of the great centres of population. But if the world of fashion were disintegrated, the fragments would be of small account; it is only when massed together that its gauds and varieties provoke the envy which is dearer to its votaries than respect.

Sea-air is somewhat too pungent for weak or unsound lungs; but where there is no pulmonary disability or disease, it is the finest invigorant in the world. The rarer atmosphere of the mountains is a good tonic, but it does not stimulate the appetite like the salt-saturated ocean air. And how gloriously the Atlantic bath supplements the Atlantic breeze. *Elixir vitæ* passes into the system through every pore. The circulation is quickened, and a salutary chemical change is wrought in the blood itself.

Nothing in nature presents such an endless variety of forms and phases as the sea. The earth changes its aspect only with the seasons, but the ocean is more changeful even than the clouds. Its lights and shadows shift momently, and of all its myriads of acrobatic billows, no two perform their summersaults alike. How glorious to stand on the yellow beach and see, rank on rank, the white knights of Neptune, with foam-plumes streaming from their emerald helms, come charging in! What is the shock of armies to the collision between raging sea and rock-bound shore! What are all the trumpets that ever pealed defiance in the field to the shout of the multitudinous waves as they dash themselves against the gray ramparts that have baffled their onset since time began. "Calm or convulsed," the sea is a perpetual poem.

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THE COLD SHOULDER.

The art of giving the cold shoulder politely to those we cannot esteem and with whom we do not wish to associate on terms of intimacy, is worth learning. Social courtesy does not require us to treat with seeming cordiality persons whom we actually dislike. To do so is to play the hypocrite, and hypocrisy is a vice which no high-minded Christian gentleman will permit himself to practice. It is quite possible to observe the conventional forms of politeness toward individuals who are disagreeable to us, in such a way as to show *them*, without making the fact patent to the world at large, that we do not desire to cultivate their acquaintance. It is a rare thing to meet with a man too obtuse or too impertinent to take a hint of this kind; but when that is the case the only resource is to give him the cut direct as quietly as possible. If he has any manliness in him he will prefer the tacit indication of an honest indifference or repugnance to a hollow show of friendship. Even the tone of voice in which you salute a man or bid him good-bye may convey to him the estimation in which you hold him. The commonest routine phrases may be made to assume very different meanings by varying the tone and manner in which they are uttered. There is much in accent. If you remark of a coat that it is "*something* like a coat," you say in effect that the tailor has made a failure. If, on the other hand, you exclaim enthusiastically that it is "something *like* a coat," you signify a warm approval of its cut and finish. In the same way the ordinary parlance of society may mean everything or nothing—may indicate the deepest interest, the most sovereign indifference, or positive dislike—according to the intonation and manner of the speaker.

It is a good rule to avoid people you don't like; but, if that is impossible, the next best course is to give them to understand in a delicate way, and with due consideration for their self-esteem, that you cannot fraternize with them.

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[From the Hartford Courant.]

The New York *Tribune* of yesterday published the following extract from a private letter from this city: "Mr. Bonner was well known here some years ago as an apprentice in the old *Courant* office. He has erected a beautiful monument in one of the cemeteries here over the grave of his mother. Among his warmest friends was the late venerable Rev. Dr. Hawes, whose church he attended when a boy. You are aware that Mrs. Hawes survived her husband only six days. After his death, worn out by fatigue and anxiety, she became for a while delirious; but, upon a sister of Mr. Bonner entering the room, she at once recognized her, welcoming her with the remark:—'You were always so kind to me, and your brother was so kind to my husband.' Dr. Hawes was one of the old-fashioned solid men in the ministry."

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A MAN OF A COARSE NATURE: J. Lawrence Smith of Smithtown, Long Island. *Putnam's Monthly* ought to be revived;—there is material enough to make a second article better than the first.

REVELATION.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

"Perchance in some far after-time,
When we to nobler stature grown,
Shall learn to make our lives sublime,
For God's and Truth's dear sake alone—
The solemn use of grief shall die,
And Joy regain her ancient grace,
And 'neath a nearer, ampler sky,
With life's sad mysteries face to face—

With passionless Wisdom we shall talk,
And learn of Sorrow's darkest lore—
And in the light of Knowledge walk
Forever and forevermore!
The sure result of Time is change,
And Change her endless gamut rings—
Things that to-day are new and strange
To-morrow are forgotten things.

The slow mutations of the years,
The growth of peace, the lapse of strife,
May solve the problem of our tears,
The dark and speechless sphynx of life!
The grief that wails not on the lips,
The keen, slow pang of spiritual pain,
Some angel of the Apocalypse
Shall make its solemn meaning plain!

Well, let it pass! We live our lives,
We dream our dreams—then slip away.
A lustier race springs up and thrives,
Nearer to Truth's immortal day!'
Circle on circle evermore
Our little waves of being swell,
Gather, and break against the door
Of Death's eternal citadel!

WINNING HER WAY.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-RAISED," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

ALEXANDER STRIKES A LIGHT.

"A death-bed's a detector of the heart."

[illegible] sick bed. A man may have passed through the greatest college in the world and carried off its highest honors; may have traveled over every foot of land and sea; may have learned all else that this earth has to teach him—but if he has never had a good, dangerous, tedious spell of illness, his education has been neglected.

Alexander Lyon had been a strong, arrogant, [illegible] man, and not from any *internal* force of spirit, but by the *external* support of great physical strength, sound health and large wealth. The reverses of these he had no experience in his own person, and not enough of sympathy with others to realize them to his own imagination. Poverty, sickness, death, were to him abstract ideas. He had no personal knowledge of them. True, he had lost both his parents by death; but they were very aged; and his father had died in an instant, like a man called away on a sudden journey; and his mother had followed, after a short illness; and their decease had left upon his mind the impression of absence rather than of death.

Certainly, within a few hours before his duel he had been forced to think of his own possible death, but it was as of a sudden and violent catastrophe, which in his great excitement he was desperate enough to brave and meet.

But he never imagined being wounded and mutilated, and laid helpless and languishing on a bed of weakness and pain.

Yet here he was.

On the third day after that upon which he had been wounded, an irritative fever set in, and from having been stupid and quiet he became delirious and violent.

General Lyon had left him, as we have seen. And Francis Tredegar had also, soon after, gone to London on imperative business.

And Alexander was now in the hands of the skillful surgeon which the magnanimity of Prince Ernest had placed in attendance upon him. And the surgeon was assisted by the valet Sims and by the servants of the hotel.

For eight terrible days the wounded man burned with fever and raved with frenzy. For eight days, within his broken and agonized frame, an almost equal struggle between the forces of life and death went on. But, by the aid of his strong constitution and of his skillful surgeon, life at length prevailed over death.

It was about the dawn of the critical ninth day, that the fever finally left him.

The surgeon, who, on that particular night, had watched by his bed, was the first to perceive the signs of reviving life, in the moisture of the sleeper's hands and the moderated pulsations at his wrists.

"The imminent danger is over now. He will live and recover,—unless he should have a relapse, which we must try to prevent," said Doctor Deitz to Sims, the valet, who had shared his watch.

Sims, who, for the last nine days, had never once been in bed, but had snatched his sleep when, where, and how he could,—sitting, standing, and even walking,—yawned frightfully, and said he was glad to hear it, and asked if he might now lie down.

The surgeon told him that he might not; that yet, for a few hours, he must watch beside his master; afterwards, when his master should awake, he (the man) should be relieved.

And, so saying, the surgeon went away, to get some sleep for himself.

And Sims lay back in the best easy chair, just vacated by Doctor Deitz, and stretched his feet out on the best footstool, and closed his eyes in slumber.

And the only watcher beside the wounded man was the All-seeing Eye.

But the danger was over,—the fever was cooled, the frenzy calmed, and the patient slept on,—all the more quietly, perhaps, because his attendant slept also and the room was so still.

It was, I said, just at the dawn of day and about four o'clock, when Doctor Deitz pronounced the crisis favorably passed, and then left him.

At eight o'clock, the surgeon returned to the sick-room, where he found both master and man still asleep.

Without waking Sims, he went around to the other side of the bed, and examined the state of Alexander. His former opinion was now confirmed. The patient was sleeping calmly and breathing softly. His pulse was regular and quiet, and his skin cool and moist.

"It is a decided convalescence," said the surgeon to himself.

And then, fearing to wake up the attendant lest he should disturb the patient, the doctor himself went about on tip-toes, putting out the night taper, opening the windows, and setting the room somewhat in order.

Then he went down stairs to get his own breakfast, and to order some proper nourishment to be prepared for the wounded man to take as soon as he should awake.

When he again returned to the room he found Sims awake and sitting upright in the chair.

The doctor raised his finger to warn the valet not to speak or make a noise, lest he should disturb the sleeper, and then signed him to leave the room.

And the valet gladly took himself away.

Doctor Deitz seated himself beside his patient to watch for his awakening. As it is neither useful nor entertaining to sit and stare a sleeper in the face, the surgeon took out a newspaper from his pocket and opened it and began to read, lifting his eyes occasionally to look at his charge. But at length he got upon several columns of highly interesting editorial treating upon the politics of Prussia, and he became so absorbed in the subject that he read on, forgetting to glance at his patient for fifteen or twenty minutes. He might have gone on for thirty or forty minutes more without lifting his eyes from the paper had he not heard his name whispered.

With a slight start he turned and looked at his charge.

Alexander Lyon was lying awake and calmly contemplating his physician.

Doctor Deitz dropped his paper and bent over his charge.

"You are better?" he said, quietly.

Alexander nodded.

"How do you feel?"

"Weak."

"How long have you been awake?"

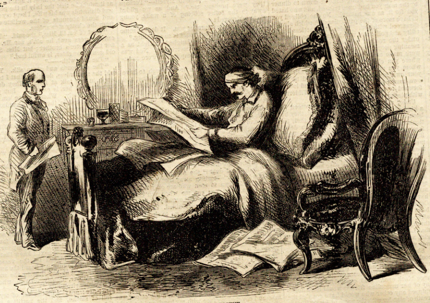
"Two—or three—hours—I think. I don't know," whispered Alick, feebly and with pain and difficulty.

"Oh no!" said the surgeon, taking out his watch and consulting it—"not near so long as that, though it may seem so to you; not more than fifteen or twenty minutes at the most."

And Doctor Deitz put up his watch and took hold of the wrist of his charge.

"I've—been ill—long—long," whispered Alick, looking up from his dark, hollow, cavernous eyes.

"No; there again you are mistaken. You have been down little more than a week. But it is always so when there has been a period of semi-consciousness. The patient loses all calculation of time, and on recovery either fancies that no time at all, or else a very long period, has elapsed during his illness. But now listen to me. You are very much better, and you are on the high road to a speedy recovery. But you must not, as yet, exert yourself at all. You must not even speak, except when to do so is absolutely necessary, and then you must only whisper. Whenever you can answer by a nod, or a shake of the head, or whenever you can make your wishes known by signs, do so, instead of speaking. You must spare your lungs as much as possible. If you follow my direction in this it will be the best for you. Will you do it? Mind, *nod* if you mean yes."



THE CONVALESCENT.

Alexander nodded.

"That's right. And now—do you feel hungry or thirsty?—Stop! don't answer that question, because I didn't ask it right, and you can't answer it without speaking. I will put it in another form. Do you feel hungry?"

Alexander nodded.

"And thirsty?"

Alick hesitated a moment and then nodded.

"Ah! I understand. You are quite sure you are hungry; but you are not so very sure that you are thirsty. And upon the whole you feel as if you would like something to eat and to drink as well. Just as we all feel about breakfast time, eh?"

Alexander nodded and smiled.

"Quite right," said the surgeon.

And then he rang the bell.

"Would you like black tea, cream toast, and poached eggs?" inquired the surgeon.

He was answered by the regulation nod.

The waiter came, and received the surgeon's orders to prepare the required refreshments and to send the valet to the room.

And when Sims entered, and while waiting for the breakfast to be prepared, the surgeon, assisted by the valet, changed the dressings of the patient's wounds, and made him clean and fresh and comfortable, so that he might be able to enjoy the delicate repast that had been ordered for him.

After his change of clothes and his nourishing breakfast, he was laid down again upon fresh pillows, and his bed was tidied and his room darkened, and he himself was enjoined to rest.

And rest was of vital importance to him; for though his wounds were now doing well, yet the effort to speak, or to move, was still not only difficult and painful, but very injurious and even dangerous to his lacerated chest. So he was enjoined to rest.

Rest?

His bed was fresh and fragrant, and on it there might be rest for the pain-racked, wearied body. But what rest could there be for the newly awakened mind and startled conscience?

Lying there in forced inactivity, in his half-darkened chamber, unable to read, forbidden to talk, with nothing to engage his attention without, his thoughts were driven inward to self-examination. He struck a light and explored the gloomy caverns of his own soul. What he found there appalled him. There were devilish furies, ferocious beasts, poisonous reptiles, gibbering maniacs—these were the forms of the passions that had possessed him, that still possessed him; but they were lethargic or sleeping now. Should he—could he cast them entirely out while they were so quiescent?

And there were their victims and his own—the bleeding forms of wounded love; the fallen image of dethroned honor; the ghastly skeletons of murdered happiness.

What a city of desolation, what a valley of Gehenna, was this sin-darkened soul!

He groaned so deeply that the surgeon came to his side.

"Where is your pain?"

Alexander shook his head; he could not tell.

The surgeon examined the wounds, but found them doing very well; and he changed their dressings, but this did not seem to do much good.

The doctor wondered that his patient still suffered so much. He could not understand any better than Macbeth's physician, how to minister to "a mind diseased."

The convalescence of the wounded man was not nearly so rapid or assured as his surgeon had hoped and expected. How could it be, when he was so haunted by memory and tortured by conscience? In these long still days and nights on the sick-bed in the dark chambers, he was forced to look back upon his own life, to judge his own deeds. What had they been? What were they now? False and cruel he pronounced the one and the others—false and cruel his deeds, darkened and ruined his life.

But out of all the gloom and horror shone brightly one form—holy as a saint, lovely as an angel—the form of his injured wife. Oh, with what an intense and vehement longing he longed for her presence!—longed for it, yet feared it—feared it, though in the image that he saw in "his mind's eye" the whole face and form glowed and vibrated with compassion and benediction. Blessing brightened the clear brow; pity softened the dark eyes; love, love unutterable curved the lines of the crimson lips.

Was it strange that he should have seen her only in this light?

Remember, he who had loved her and made her happy, and had wronged her and made her wretched—he had seen her beautiful face beaming with heavenly happiness, or quivering with anxiety, or darkened by despair; but he had never—never once seen it distorted by passion.

Oh, how he longed for the beautiful vision to be realized to him—longed and feared!

What would he not have given to have had her then by his bedside? He felt how soft and cool her fingers would fall upon his fevered forehead; he saw how lovingly her eyes would look on him; he heard how sweetly her tones would soothe him.

Yet it was not for all this he wanted her at his side.

It was that he might make what atonement was yet in his power for the wrongs he had done her; that he might bow his proud manhood low at the feet of this meek girl, and ask her pardon; that he might take her to his heart again, and devote his life to make hers happy.

Oh, that he might do her some great service, and so win her back!

He wished now that she had been poor, so that he might have enriched her; or sick, so that he might have taken her all over the world for her health; or that she had had an enemy, so that he might have killed or crippled that enemy and dragged him to her feet. And here one of those crouching furies stirred again in his heart, and a feverish excitement made him irrational.

Oh, that she were poor, or ill, or abused, that he might enrich her, or serve her, or defend her, and so win the right to ask her forgivness!

But she was none of these. She was as independent of him as any queen could be. She was immensely wealthy, perfectly healthy, and highly esteemed; and, finally, no one had ever abused her but himself; and on himself only could he take vengeance. He was an utter bankrupt, without the power of bringing any peace offering to her feet in exchange for her mercy.

When tortured by these thoughts, he would so toss and groan as to raise his fever and inflame his wounds. And all this very much protracted his recovery.

And through all this gloom and horror still he saw the heavenly vision, like Dante's angel at the gates of Hell, and still he longed to have it realized; longed, yet feared; and ever he prayed:

"Oh! that I could do her some great service! Oh, that the Lord would take pity on me and give me the power!"

Alexander, among his other thoughts, of course thought of the duel that had laid him upon this bed of penance.

In the natural reaction—the calmness that succeeded to the excitement of his passions, when reason had opportunity to act—he saw that he had no just cause for the jealousy that had driven him to one of the maddest acts of his life.

That Prince Ernest should have admired Drusilla was not only natural but inevitable, since every one who was brought into her company did the same; that he should have testified this admiration with continental enthusiasm seemed almost excusable; but that his sentiments went further, or that Drusilla would have tolerated any attentions unworthy to be received by her, Alexander in his sober senses could not believe.

Now that like the prodigal of Holy Writ he had come to himself, he perceived that his jealousy, like every other passion of his soul, had been insane in its excess and frantic in its exhibition.

Now how fervently he thanked Heaven that the duel into which his temporary madness had driven him had not resulted in death to his adversary and blood-guiltiness to himself.

But—and this was a very serious question—how had the mad duel affected Drusilla?

It was always, he knew, most injurious, even to the most innocent woman, to have her name mixed up in any such matter.

He himself had been very cautious in this respect; but had others concerned been equally so? And, above all, had the duel got into the newspapers, and, if so, with how much exposure of the circumstances?

Of course he could not tell. He longed to know; yet he shrank from asking questions. He would have examined the papers, but they were kept out of his way, and he was forbidden to read.

Thus in bitter self-communings, in remorse, in suspense and anxiety, the first days of his convalescence slowly wore away.

Francis Tredegar had not returned, and he had remained in the hands of the surgeon and the valet.

And although he was debarred from reading the newspapers, and forbidden to converse, and so was left in ignorance of the most important matters that concerned him, yet he had learned something of what had transpired near him since the mad duel.

He had partly surmised and partly overheard enough to inform him that Prince Ernest, a frequent invalid himself, had at some self-sacrifice dispensed with the invaluable services of his own medical attendant, that he, Alexander, might have the advantage of that surgeon's constant presence at his bedside. And this circumstance led Alexander to a true appreciation and respect for the Austrian, who was as noble by nature as he was by descent.

And there was something else he had to learn.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

ALEXANDER'S DISCOVERIES.

Thou turnest mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct. SHAKESPEARE.

One morning when he, Alick, seemed better and stronger than usual, the surgeon seated himself by his bedside and said:

"I should tell you that you were not forgotten or abandoned by your family while you were in danger, sir."

"By my family——! I have——" Alexander was about to say, "no family," but he caught himself in time. Come what might, he would not deny Drusilla and her child.

—"You have an uncle and a cousin, sir," said the surgeon, finishing Alexander's sentence, but not in the manner Alexander had first intended—"an uncle and a cousin, sir, who were warmly interested in your welfare. General Lyon and Mr. Hammond, sir! They in some manner received information of the intended duel; they hired a yacht and followed you here; but they arrived too late; they found you badly wounded and lying insensible on this bed. The cousin returned the same day to London; but the uncle remained here until you showed signs of consciousness and gave us hopes of recovery when—being suddenly called away by important business, of I know not what nature, he too left the island. But before going he made an arrangement with Mr. Tredegar, by which the last-named gentleman was to write every day and keep the general advised of the state of his nephew. Mr. Tredegar kept his part of the compact, I know, until he also had to leave."

Alexander did not reply for some moments; and when he did it was merely to say:

"I thank you for telling me this."

Alexander fell into deep thought. Here was another enlightenment. Here was another subject for self-reproach, if not for deep remorse.

The high-toned, tender-hearted old gentleman! The frank and kindly young man! How noble, pure and loving all their course had been during these family troubles, in comparison with his own! How they had always stepped in and saved himself and his victims from the worst consequences of his violent passions.

But for General Lyon and Richard Hammond where would Drusilla now have been? Would she, could she have had the strength, when discarded by him, to have struggled on, through her desolation, unsupported by their strong and tender manhood?

Alick groaned and tossed, as he thought of these things.

In fact he was beginning to see himself and others in a new light. It seemed to him now that he had wronged every body who had been brought into close companionship and intimate relations with himself.

First, he had wronged his cousin, Anna, his earliest betrothed, in leaving her for Drusilla; but that was the very least of his offences, since the betrothal had been neither his work nor Anna's, nor yet agreeable to the one or the other. Next, he had wronged—most bitterly wronged—his young, fond, true wife, whose love and faith had never known the shadow of turning; and this he now felt to be his greatest sin. And he had wronged his uncle, the gallant old veteran, who had always cherished him with a father's affection. He had wronged his other cousin, that frank, affectionate, "unlucky dog," who was always ready to forgive and forget, and to be as fast friends as ever. He had wronged the noble Prince Ernest, by assaulting him like a bully, upon no provocation, and driving him into an unseemly duel.

Good Heavens! when he came to reckon with himself, whom had he not wronged whenever he had had the power?

No wonder he tossed and tumbled on his bed, and raised his fever, and inflamed his wounds, and protracted his recovery, and in other ways gave his surgeon a world of trouble.

But with all, as he had a magnificent constitution,—if that is not too big a word to apply to a little human organism,—he continued to convalesce.

One day he was permitted to sit up in bed for a few moments, and he felt himself much refreshed by the change of posture. The next day he sat up a little longer, with increased advantage.

At length there came a day when the patient was so much better that the surgeon ventured to leave him in the care of the valet and of the people of the hotel, and to go for a holiday to the neighboring town of St. Helier's.

That day Alexander sat up in bed, well propped up with pillows, and waited on by Sims.

The valet had trimmed him up nicely, and, at his request, had placed a small glass in his hands that he might look at his face.

And a very pale, thin, haggard, cadaverous countenance it was to contemplate. And the clean-shaved chin and the short-cropped hair added nothing to its attractions.

"By my life! I look more like a newly-discharged convict than a decent citizen or any thing else," muttered Alexander to himself as he handed back the glass.

"Any more orders, sir?" inquired the valet.

"No—yes; now that Deitz is off for a holiday, I will take some recreation too, in my own way—Sims!"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know whether they keep the files of the London papers here in the house?"

"I can inquire, sir."

"Do so."

The valet left the room, and, after an absence of a few minutes, returned with a pile of newspapers in his hands.

"Here is a file of the Times for the last month, sir," he said.

"Lay them on the foot of the bed where I can reach them, and slip off the first one and give it to me."

"Here it is, sir. It is the Twenty-seventh."

"That is day before yesterday's. Is there not a later one?"

"No, sir; perhaps——"

"Well?"

"Perhaps it is in the reading-room, sir. It must have come by the last boat—yesterday's Times must, I mean, sir. They tell me they always get it the day after publication. Shall I go and see if I can find it, sir?"

"Yes—no," said Alexander, quickly changing his mind from one purpose to another, as is often the case with convalescents, and less from caprice or irresolution than from a momentary forgetfulness of what they really do want. "No," he repeated, suddenly remembering that he wished to ascertain whether any unpleasant notice had been taken of his foolish duel by the press. "No—I—you needn't go after the late paper just yet. I have been laid down here nearly a month, and have fallen so far behind the world's news that I must go back and post myself up. I will begin with the paper following the one I left off with; and I will glance over them all in turns to see what the world has been doing while I have been lying here. Give me the paper of the date of the second of June."

The valet looked through the file, and handed the required copy.

"Now leave the others there where I can reach them."

"Yes, sir. Any more orders?"

"No; you may leave the room. I will ring if I should want you."

Left to himself, Alexander opened the paper and glanced over its contents. Column after column, page after page of that voluminous journal passed in rapid review before him. But no notice of the duel was to be found in that number. He threw it aside and took up and as carefully examined another; but with no better success. Then he took a third, of the date June fourth, and in it almost the first thing that met his eye was the paragraph of which he was in search.

It was under the head "JERSEY," and it read as follows:

"An 'affair of honor' so called came off yesterday morning, in the neighborhood of St. Aubins, between His Highness Prince E——t of H——n and his Lordship Baron K——n of K——n, in which the the noble lord was the challenger. The occasion of the hostile meeting is said to have been a beautiful young widow, whose debut at the American Ambassadress' ball a few days since created such a sensation. Fortunately for the madmen concerned, the duel did not end fatally for either party. The princely H——n escaped scathless and has returned to his own country. The noble K——n is lying somewhat seriously wounded at St. Aubins, where it is hoped he will have leisure to repent his folly. Such 'affairs' are relics of barbarism, unworthy of an enlightened community and of the nineteenth century. Where were the police?"

You may imagine with what feelings our chivalric Alexander read these comments. So this was the light in which sensible and law-abiding people viewed his heroism!

"As for me," said he, as he laid the paper down, "it serves me right; but I am truly sorry that *she* has been even alluded to in the affair. She has not been mentioned by name, or even by initial, however, and I am consoled by that circumstance."

Then he turned to other yarts of the paper, where he soon found something to absorb his attention and to drive the memory of the duel out of his mind.

"Eh? what is this?

"'ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD?'

"What state-prisoner has run away now, of such importance that a thousand pounds is offered for his recovery?" said Alexander, as he looked more closely at the advertisement.

"Ah! what's this? 'A child lost!'—a—Heaven have mercy on my soul, it is Drusilla's child!" he exclaimed, turning even paler than he had been before, as he read the description of the missing boy.

"Lost? Lost on the afternoon of the second of June? Let me look at the date of this paper. It is the fourth. Has he been found yet, I wonder? He must have been found before this. Let me see—to-day is the twenty-ninth. He was lost twenty-six or seven days ago. How long was he lost? When was he found? I must look over the next papers and judge by them. Of course the advertisement was discontinued when the child was found."

And saying this to himself, Alexander took up the next paper in succession, and the next after that, and another and another still, until he had examined some twenty-three or four more papers. But ah! in every one of them appeared the advertisement for the lost child. And the amount of the reward offered was constantly increased.

In the first half dozen papers it was one thousand pounds; in the next it was increased to fifteen hundred; after that it was raised to three thousand pounds. The last paper he examined was one of the date June Twenty-seventh, in which the advertisement was still standing.

"Good Heavens! not found up to the day before yesterday! Missing for twenty-five days!" exclaimed Alexander, as he turned over and grasped the bell pull and rang a peel that speedily brought Sims in alarm to his bedside.

"It is your wound broke out again, sir?" exclaimed the valet, seeing his master's disturbed and excited look.

"No, it is nothing of the sort. Sims, go down stairs and see if you can get me the last number of the Times that has arrived on the island. If it is not in the reading room, or in the coffee room, or if any body else has it, or in short, if you can't procure it for me in the house, go out into the town and try to find it at some bookseller's or news agent's. Be quick, Sims."

"Yes, sir, I will," answered the man, hurrying from the room.

Alexander sank back upon his pillow to wait for his servan'ts return. He had not to wait very long.

In less than ten minutes Sims re-entered the chamber, bringing two papers in his hands.

"Here is the Times of yesterday morning and the express of yesterday evening, sir. I got them both of the news agent close by."

"Give them to me!" exclaimed Alexander, eagerly grasping the papers.

He hastily examined the Times. Yes, there was the advertisement still standing. He turned to the Evening Express, and there also it stared him in the face, with a new date, the date of the day of publication, and with a still higher raised reward.

Five thousand pounds were now offered to any person or persons who should restore the child, or give such information as should lead to restoring him to his distracted mother.

"Not found up to yesterday evening! Poor Drusilla! poor, poor Drusilla! and poor little Lenny!" groaned Alick, as his eyes were riveted upon the advertisement.

Then a bright thought struck him; a Heavenly inspiration filled him. His countenance became eager and irradiated.

"I will go in search of her child! I will devote all my days and nights, all my mind and all my means to the search; and I will find him! if he is not dead! If he is above ground I will find him! And when I find him I will go and lay him in his mother's lap and ask her forgiveness, and she will grant it me for the child's sake! Oh! I prayed Providence to give me the power of doing her a service, and now I have got it. It cannot be but I shall find her child, and so regain her love!" he murmured.

Then looking up from his paper he called out:

"Sims!"

The valet, who was at the other end of the room engaged in closing the window blinds to exclude the hot rays of the midday sun, turned and hurried toward the bedside.

"What o'clock is it, Sims?"

"A quarter past twelve, sir," answered the man, after consulting his silver timepiece.

"At what hour did Dr. Deitz say that he would return here?"

"At ten to-night, sir, unless something unexpected should turn up to cause you to require his services before that time. In which case, sir, I was to send a mounted messenger after him."

"Not return until ten o'clock; that is well; for I must get away from this place to-day; and if he were here he would be sure to oppose my doing so, and I want no controversy with my kind physician.——Sims!"

"Yes, sir."

"Go fetch me a time-table of the boats that leave the Island to-day."

Sims vanished, and after an absence of a few minutes returned and said:

"If you please, sir, there are no time-tables. But the head waiter says as how the only boat that leaves St. Aubin's for England is the steamer that sails for Southampton at ten o'clock every morning."

"Is that the only boat?"

"The only one that leaves St. Aubin's, sir; but their is another steamer leaves St. Helier's every afternoon at three o'clock for Portsmouth, sir!"

"Let me see! How far do they call St. Helier's from here?"

"About three miles, sir."

"That will do. Go down stairs and tell them to send me my bill, including Dr. Dietz's. Then order a fly to be at the door by two o'clock. And then pack up my traps and yours as quickly as possible. We start for England in an hour."

The valet stared at his master in speechless astonishment for a moment, and then gasped:

"For England, sir!—In an hour, sir!"

"Yes! Don't I speak plainly enough? Be quick and do as I tell you."

"But, sir, what would the doctor say? You have never left your room yet since you have been wounded!—scarcely left your bed, sir! Consider your health, sir! Consider your life!"

"Consider a fig's end! There are matters of more moment than my poor life that demand my presence in England," said Alexander.

"But, sir, the doctor said——"

"Sims! are you my servant, or the doctor's?" demanded Alexander, sternly.

"Yours, sir, of course."

"Then obey me at once, or I shall send you about your business."

Sims knew that he had a profitable place, and a good master, though a self-willed one. He had really no desire to oppose him in this or any other measure. He was heartily tired of this "beastly hole," as he chose to call one of the prettiest little maritime towns in the world. So, after having done his duty and relieved his conscience, by offering a respectful remonstrance to the proposed exertions on the part of the invalid, he yielded to circumstances, and set himself promptly to work to obey his master's orders.

Alexander wrote a note of thanks and of partial explanation to Doctor Dietz, enclosed within it a munificent fee, and sent it down to the office to be handed to the surgeon on his return.

Alexander was a free man and a sane one. And though the people of the hotel were greatly astonished at his sudden resolution to travel in his present invalid condition, and strongly suspected him of running away from his physician; and though they had every will to stop him, they had not the power to do so.

And at two o'clock, all his arrangements having been completed, Alick, attended by his servant, entered the cab that was to take him to St. Heleir's.

He reached there in time to catch the steamer; and at three o'cloek he sailed for Portsmouth.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Influence of Children.

I cannot but think that this constant presence of human nature, pure and happy, of simple and innocent enjoyment, exerts a great, though little-noticed, influence on this whole great fighting family of man; and that each member of it foregoes somewhat of his selfishness, abates something of its fury, after every such contemplation of something happier than himself, which never yet regarded *self*, never was infuriated by passions. No wonder that the greatest of men have mostly evinced a passionate fondness for children; neither is it surprising that in some persons not otherwise of weak character, such fondness should even rise to excess. In our mourning over a lost child, the very sources of our comfort bear in them an embittering venom for our grief. The same purity of soul which assures us of its acceptance in the bosom of God, also renders the memory of its vanished prettiness and graces more intolerable by the exemption of every, even the least, drawback on our love, from failings or offence. To the busy world, what indeed is the death of a child? It forwarded, it retarded no human aim; it stood an insignificant little alien by the side of the mighty and dusty arena of life. Not so to the parent. To him its smile and play were the invigorating spirit that nerved him in the conflict; and the very apathy of the whole world besides, its utter want of sympathy with him in his (to their feelings) trifling loss, becomes itself an added source of poignant, lonely, heart-consuming misery.

WHAT A QUESTION!

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

At the "Wilderness" people were at liberty to enjoy themselves. Mrs. Blythe was wont to say that she really did not know how to entertain people; and that, per consequence, her guests must entertain themselves and each other. And this theory, put into practice, made her pretty country seat—christened romantically as above—a very Paradise for visitors.

No one insisted upon your taking a certain easy chair, out of the draught, but next to the individual who was your antipathy, or politely coerced you into being handed down to dinner by the man you had once refused, and who hated you for it, as was natural. No one obliged you to have more of the particular dish which always disagreed with you. Indeed the tactless hospitality and politeness which render one wretched under the roofs of so many excellent and well meaning people was utterly thrown aside. You were made at home, and were free to wander where you chose, eat what you liked, talk to whom you preferred, and enjoy yourself after your own heart; and guests returned to their own homes praising Lizzie Blythe, and looking forward to their next visit to the Wilderness with pleasure.

Under all, perhaps, some of the women felt a kind of troubled consciousness that they had been eclipsed by Lizzie Blythe. That their particular Edmond or John had been too deeply fascinated. But then to fascinate was Lizzie Blythe's province. She could not help it, the men said; and the women, half in love with her themselves, could not contradict them.

Her personal influence was immense. She was not very beautiful, not very accomplished; but she overcame you somehow with that wondrous charm of hers. I always fancied she resembled Cleopatra, and knew the secrets of her magic potions and philters. Any one else would have been tabooed and ignominiously sent to Coventry in her position. A woman whose husband had parted from her in a fit of mad jealousy, after shooting the man he thought his rival through the shoulder. But people all agreed that Lizzie Blythe was a gay, heedless, innocent girl, and Mr. Blythe a jealous fiend of whom she was well rid.

She talked the matter over to her friends very coolly, and spoke of "poor Willie, who was nothing but a friend, and would never use his right arm again," with tears on the lashes of her large black eyes. And, censorious as men are, any of her masculine friends would have horsewhipped any other who would have coupled the breath of slander with the name of Lizzie Blythe.

As for the women, when any one of them spoke of "that old brute," the others knew they meant Mr. Blythe.

I loved her. With her five-and-twenty years, and her matronly *applomb*, she had made a pet of the shy girl of seventeen, and my first introduction into "grown up" company was under her auspices. Her merry chat; her way of knowing what was the thing in every case puzzling to a young debutante in society; her pleasant generosity in trifles; charmed my very heart. I am afraid that if the choice had been offered me, I should have preferred the Wilderness to Heaven, even before I met Mr. Burnette there. After *that*, those who are young, or who ever have been, need not to be told how I counted the days between those visits which were sure to bring us together, when I confess that I loved him.

He was not a boy, Andrew Burnette. There were boys there—merry young fellows, fresh from school, and of my own age. I cared nothing for them. He was a black-bearded man of thirty, dark-eyed, and brown as any Cuban. He had travelled and knew the world, and he was Mrs. Blythe's prime favorite.

With him she talked the longest and walked the most. With him she sang duetts and read poetry. Her preference seemed to sanctify mine, and when I first guessed that he sought my society, that he said things to me that he said to no one else, that he admired and liked me, my first thought was of Lizzie Blythe's approval.

To love any one she had despised would have been a grief to me. But to love the man she said was "worth all the rest of the men at the Wilderness put together" was a wondrous pride.

I did not confide in her in words. But I fancied that I allowed her to penetrate my secret. I did not hide from her the reason why I was late for luncheon when Mr. Burnette had been reading to me in one of those pretty nooks in which the "Wilderness" abounded, or that it was by no accident that we were always together in those excursions which Lizzie made so pleasant by reason of a due admixture of the masculine element; never inviting to a pic-nic or water-party a bevy of forlorn damsels, young and old, say a dozen, and save her own particular escort only a boy too bashful to be gallant, and two stupid married brothers-in-law, whose only object was to eat, as did Miss Worth, her neighbor, who strove all in vain to rival Lizzie in such social matters, but was too openly jealous to succeed. I did not strive to hide my preference, sought as it seemed to be, from any one. My innocent young heart was proud of its winning, although we were only pledged to each other mutely, not as yet in words.

Arm in arm from amongst the seringas fragrant in the twilight, the sound of the tea-bell brought us on that midsummer visit upon which my eighteenth birth-day dawned so brightly, and brought us face to face with Mrs. Blythe—Mrs. Blythe frowning, dark, angry—Mrs. Blythe who just for a moment held her shut hand tight against her breast in an attitude some actress about to perform the rôle of Lady Macbeth might have taken a hint from—just for a moment a dark picture startling in effect; then changing into a serio-comico tableaux that set us laughing.

"Prepare for punishment," she cried, in tones worthy of her attitude. "How can you forget that we are to have that wonderful dish of trout for tea, and that poor Mr. Walton has been frying it for us himself in a white apron, poor man;"—then the comic tone asserted itself completely—"in a white apron of mine with a bib. And now they are growing cold, and Dinah has been enraged for nothing unless they are eaten at once. How can you give me so much trouble?"

And sparkling and smiling and dimpling as only she could, Lizzie Blythe led us into the pretty dining-room, leaving on my mind, despite the end of the scene, a very unpleasant impression.

It had been real tragedy for a moment when I had seen her before she saw me, and I could have wept when I thought that perhaps "that brute's" injustice did rankle in Lizzie Blythe's soul, after all. What else but the thought of some great wrong could so have darkened her bright face?

Whatever it was, the shadow did not rest there. She was gayer than usual that evening, and devoted herself particularly to Mr. Burnette. There was dancing in the great parlor which opened on the lawn. He *never* danced; that night she would not.

They sat together upon a little sofa which filled one recess of the room; he fanning her—she being fanned with such a merry affectation of being overcome with heat that every one enjoyed it. Another woman would have been accused of flirtation; not Lizzie Blythe. She treated every one alike. They talked in whispers, or the music made it seem so.

I was dancing a schottische with young Ned Hunt. Now and then, as we whirled near their seat, I caught a word—once my name. At last, jostled by two awkward dancers, we came closer than before, and as we paused, Ned whispering, "Why *will* that near-sighted Foozle try to dance!" I heard Mr. Burnette exclaim quite aloud:

"*What a question!*"

I turned my head. Both eyes were fixed upon me. Both suddenly averted, and I felt sure that they had been talking of me. But my dearest friend and my most ardent admirer might be trusted to discuss me. The thought pleased rather than troubled me. A smile crossed my lips as I said to myself—"Perhaps they were praising me." And as we glided away to the softer sobbing of a waltz, young Hunt whispered:

"How a smile improves you. It doesn't some people, you know, but yours is *so* sparkling."

And at that moment I laughed outright as a happy child might with merriment. Ned was only eighteen, and his compliments were amusing..

I went to my own room tired enough to have dropped upon my pillow without disrobing, and stood heavy-eyed but smiling still before my mirror unbinding my hair, when Mrs. Blythe came in, and crossing the room, turned me slowly around and looked at me.

"You *are* pretty," she said, as though contradicting some contrary assertion. "You really are, and Hunt thinks so too, poor boy."

I laughed.

"He's really a fine fellow, and you could both wait a year or two," she went on. "He's to be sole heir of his grandfather's property, you know."

Then she sighed.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she said; "what creatures women *are*—casting away true hearts and giving their own to men who are only trifling with them. Did you see me when you came from the garden to-day? I thought you did. I was really vexed—really troubled. I—no, I *can't* tell you. Go to bed and go to sleep, and try to dream of poor Ned Hunt and nobody else."

Then she lifted all my fair hair in her hands put it back from my face.

"You *are so* pretty," she said, "and to think Mr. Burnette should not think so. 'What a question?' he said, just as though I had spoken of Dinah. How blind he must be, and how I *hate* a male flirt. That's the comfort you have in the love of a young heart. These men of thirty odd are so artful, so— Good night, sweetest, and mind you dream of Ned."

She left me and I sunk down upon a low ottoman and covered my face with my hand, and let my hair drop over it. I understood it all. My kind friend had warned me delicately—had exposed the man who had been trifling with my heart without actually betraying her knowledge of my secret. I went back to that pause between the schottische and the waltz.

"What a question!"

And *he* said it, who had whispered such flattery in my ear—my foolish ear that had so readily believed him. The mere words stabbed me now. I arose and looked into the glass. The glimmer of the wax-candles showed me the reflection of a tear-stained face, with a billow of blonde hair brushed back with hasty hands from the temples.

"No," I cried—"I am *not* pretty, I am ugly, ugly, ugly; but I wanted him to like my looks, and I thought he did."

And I sunk down upon my knees and hid my face in the little ottoman and wept as though I were weeping my heart away.

Then pride came to me. A happy girl knows nothing of pride. It is born of her first sorrow; and I said:

"He shall not know I ever cared for him."

And I bathed my eyes, and calmed myself, and slept at last; and at least no one knew that I had wept.

I was very cold to Mr. Burnette, and he was very formal in his manner to me. A cloud arose between us that very morning. Perhaps in her love for me, I thought, Lizzie Blythe had striven to put an end to his amusement with my vanity. I had no such trial as I had expected. He left me willingly to myself, and I, with a broken heart, sang duetts with Ned Hunt, and danced wretched dances with him, of which the very remembrance is a pain; and women all know, if men do not, what it is to assume gayety when the soul is sick with sorrow, and to wear a laughing mask over a very death's-head of a face.

Even to Lizzie I did not care to show my very heart, so I staid until the time of the visit I had promised her was past—thankful that Mr. Andrew Burnette, his sport being over, left us a few days after the event of which I have spoken.

We never met at the Wilderness again. None of those guests who parted from their charming hostess so merrily were ever welcomed there more.

Three months from that September day Lizzie Blythe left her native land with the hero of the old romance and scandal—the "mere friend," whose unmerited persecution and cruel wounds she had so frankly deplored to each of us in turn; and women thought less harshly of "the brute," and were shy of owning how fond they had been of Lizzie Blythe; while men pretended to have penetrated the truth all the while.

Before the story ceased to be a nine-days' wonder I had left America for England, and all through the long and pleasant passage I thought of nothing else. It was an awful thing to know that all the while Lizzie Blythe had deceived us—had deceived *me*—and was such a creature as this.

I trusted the world less thereafter. Twice had my confidence in human nature been betrayed, and it was safest, I argued, never to place confidence in any one again, however worthy the object might appear.

"Never," I said, at nineteen, "would I love or form a friendship while I lived."

I had left home as companion to an invalided lady, for it was needful that I should earn my own livelihood. I remained with her in her English home three years. At the end of that time she died.

She left me a legacy which made me feel rich; left it, I think, being a spinster herself, on principle, she said, because I had declared my resolution never to marry; and with my freedom of action came a longing to visit my old home once more. It grew intense. At last I yielded to it; and one pleasant morning found me on board the "Letty Lester" bound for New York.

I was quite alone, and felt naturally timid. My first dinner at the general table was quite a trying ordeal.

I dared not look up, but kept my eyes fixed on my plate—fancying, as all people unaccustomed to a crowd will on such an occasion, that all were observing me, until a pompous voice—a voice which made a listener of me at once, said, very loudly:

"Fairly on our homeward way at last, Mr. Burnette. That must be a pleasant thought to any native American, sir."

Mr. Burnette. I looked up.

The old gentleman who had spoken leaned forward, addressing a tall, dark man, between whom and himself sat a lady of about thirty, very much over-dressed, and very showy.

I could see the gentleman's profile only—the well cut features; the ebon hair with a fleck of gray in it; the glossy beard rippling away from crimson lips and full cleft chin. The gray was not in the hair when I knew him, but the face was that of Andrew Burnette.

A blur came between my eyes and those features; the voices arose to a confused, wave-like murmur; I arose and tried to leave the table; a stewardess flew to my side.

"How soon you're took, Miss," she whispered. "It ain't hardly rough yet. But the sea does upset some folks sudden."

And so I let the fault rest on the sea, and went to my state-room.

Afterwards the deadly horrors of sea-sickness crept over me in truth, but they were nothing to the heart pains the sight of Edward Burnette's face had given me.

I could not bear to meet it again. To be sure, as it might be that the lady in the peagreen silk and diamonds was his wife, I kept my state-room, and heard accounts of the welfare of the rest from the chatty stewardess.

"Most of 'em ill, Miss," she said. "The American Congress gent, he ain't, nor Mr. Burnette, nor the doctor's brother; but Miss Stump, the old gent's daughter, is awful bad."

"The lady with——"

"The diamonds and green silk. Yes, Miss," said the stewardess, delighted that I took an interest in her talk at last. "They do say Mr. Burnette and her is engaged. But you don't know him, likely. When you see 'em you'll say what a fine couple they'll be—handsomer than some younger ones."

I hid my face in the pillow What business was it all of mine? Where was my pride, my delicacy? But the tears would come, and the memory of the past grew strong within me.

"A handsome couple?"

Yes; and I could hear again those words:

"What a question!"

The sobbing waves repeated it; the monotonous rise and fall of the engine's voice, the creaking of the timbers, everything took it up and said it again and again:

"What a question! What a question! Pretty, what a question! Love *her?* what a question! What a question! what a question!"

Four years had not done their duty. The wounds those words made were all bleeding again.

It was not all vanity. I loved him so, and I slept to dream of them. I awoke to fancy that demons were shouting them in my ear. Only for a moment; but the next I knew that shouts and screams did indeed fill the vessel, and amidst the horrible tumult I heard the awful cry of "fire"—fearful at any time to the suddenly awakened sleeper, doubly terrible when the ocean waves environ him.

"Fire! fire! fire!" and the air of my room was full of smoke, and the partition against which I pressed my trembling hand felt hot beneath it.

We never know how we love life until we seem about to lose it. At that moment it seemed very beautiful to me, and I trembled to give it up and lie dead beneath the sobbing waves—dead, and cold, and horrible as the drowned woman whom they had taken from the river the day before we started, and whose poor body I had seen by chance. So would I lie with my light hair about my face. I could see myself in fancy.

I opened the door to rush out. On the instant I was blinded, choked, bewildered; but on the instant also a strong arm seized me, something was muffled about me, and a voice whispered:

"Courage!"

I thought of the stout, good-humored captain, who had been very kind to me as a lady passenger travelling quite alone. No other would have remembered me.

Quite bewildered, I clung to him, and soon we were beyond the flames and crowded with others into a boat which was rowed swiftly away from the blazing vessel.

Other boats were there, and a rough, hastily made raft; and above the other sounds I heard the captain's voice giving his orders and encouraging the passengers. Then it was not he who had saved me—who held me firmly still as the boat swayed and rocked with its rash overloading. Who was it? I turned my head and looked up into the face of Andrew Burnette.

Amidst the clamor I could not have spoken to him, had I chosen to do so, with any hope that he could hear; but perhaps my eyes told him how I felt. At least he answered my look with a grave smile, and drew me softly nearer to him.

Afterwards, in a dead calm upon the open sea, with heads bent in mute despair about us, our provisions quite gone, and not a mast in sight, he whispered to me:

"Estelle, were you ever engaged to Ned Hunt?"

A strange question to ask at such a time; but I answered it without a thought of that, forgetting the present and returning to the past.

"I—I never was engaged to any one. I never dreamt of it."

"God forgive that woman," he said. "Estelle, do you believe that those who love meet in heaven?"

"I trust so," I said.

"Amen," he whispered. "I think we are going there, at least, together, and we should not die misunderstanding each other. That woman, Lizzie Blythe, lied to me. I have thought so a long while now. She warned me that you were trifling with me while you knew I loved you, and were engaged to Ned Hunt. I believed her then. Child, could you not see how troubled I was? Why were you so cold to me? A word might have set it all right—almost a look. Did that woman utter falsehoods about me?"

I looked up at him. I was worn and weak. I felt sure that he loved me. I dropped my head upon his shoulder.

"Does it matter?" I said.

"Let me know," he whispered. "You *did* care a little for me, Estelle. You knew I loved you. She said something."

I tried to remember. She had said only *one* tangible thing—and how trifling, how foolish that was to repeat!

"Only if you had cared for me, it seemed you would not have said so," I said.

"What?" he whispered.

"When she asked if you thought me pretty—you said, 'What a question!'"

"She told you the truth then."

Oh, vanity and love, how you mingle in a woman's heart! I lifted my head from his shoulder.

"If I should ask you, 'Would you be glad to see land once more?' might you not answer so?" he asked. "Estelle, I said, 'What a question!' as I might have done if she had asked—'Is the rose sweet or the lily fair?' You understand me now?"

I did; and I was happy. You cannot see why it made any difference perhaps, if you are a man; but, to a woman, to be beautiful to the man she loves is such a joy!

"Do you love me still?" he breathed.

"Do you want me to?" I asked.

"What a question!" he said; and drew me to his heart.

In the dead calm upon the sea, half-starving as we were, and with death so closely following us, we forgot for a while all else but that we loved each other. But as the moon arose above the horizon that night, a fairy-like shadow, like a maze of spider-web, lay against her golden disc, and an old sailor on our elbow tossed his weather-stained cap in the air.

"Lord be praised! there's a sail!" he cried.

And a sail it was; and, before dawn, solid timber was beneath our feet, and we were homeward bound upon as stanch a vessel as ever trod the waves, and in the kindly care of those on board her.

We were married on the voyage. A cl man was amongst the passengers; and An would have it so. Afterwards, he told me Lizzie Blythe had schemed to part us. I guessed it before; and I could scarcely bl any one for loving Andrew.

"But it is strange that you did not love her," I said. "How could you care for me, if you really liked you so much and you knew it?"

But all that Andrew would ever answer was:

"What a question!"

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC, ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

The door was opened more widely, and a tall man with dark complexion, black hair and whiskers, came in with a shambling gait which gave one the idea that his limbs were fettered in some way. In a voice that was evidently feigned he said:

"I have the honor of seeing Señor Lopez, I believe. My name is Hopkins, sir, and you need not trouble yourself to try and remember me, for I do not think that you ever saw me before in your life."

"I believe not, sir, and if you have any business with me, I shall be glad to have it despatched as soon as possible. I am not strong enough to bear much excitement."

"I understand all about that, sir, but you mustn't allow yourself to get excited over what I have come to tell you. It is something that will make your heart sing for joy, and bring back the color to the face of your pretty daughter there."

The stranger had seated himself familiarly, and the lamp Mrs. Perkins placed on the table flashed upon a pair of pale blue eyes, contrasting so remarkably with his dark face that she was convinced that he was disguised. Who he was, or what his purpose could be, she was unable to divine, but she glided to the door and whispered to Mrs. Perkins to bring Dick into the hall, and at the slightest alarm from her to rush to the room to her father's assistance. They were known to possess a few valuable jewels, and this intruder might have come there, knowing the house without any one capable of defending it, to make himself master of them.

Mrs. Perkins nodded intelligently, closed the door, and having taken this precaution, Inez came back to her father's side and sat down to await further developments. The visitor seemed to comprehend her fears, for he blandly said:

"You need not be frightened at me, Miss Lopez. I came here to serve you, as I shall soon convince you. The business that brought me is most important, as you will understand when I tell you that it is connected with the will for the recovery of which your father has offered so handsome a reward."

Inez listened in breathless interest, and Mr. Lopez raised his enervated form and gazed searchingly into the strange-looking face that confronted him.

"Do you know anything of it? Have you come to restore it?" he eagerly asked. "If you have, I will give you even more than I promised."

"How much more, sir? You see I have come here to make a bargain, and I must do the best I can for the—the person who entrusted the business to my management."

"Then you have the will! You can bring it to light! I will give you two thousand—five thousand dollars more than I offered—if all is right, and there is no deception about it."

"I accept your terms, Mr. Lopez; and as to deception, I should scarcely attempt it with a man like you. I was sent here to let you know that the missing will is in the possession of a friend of mine, who is most anxious to restore it to its lawful owner. How it came into his hands it will be best not to inquire, but I assure you that it is safe, and will be transferred to you, or your daughter, if you will keep to the terms of your advertisement, and ask no questions."

"I shall be only too happy to do so. But why have you not before made this known to me? It is several months since that advertisement appeared, and you would have saved me from great annoyance and inconvenience if you had communicated with me before the Horton estate passed into other hands."

"My friend is as well aware of that as you can be, sir; and if he had been at liberty to act by himself, he would have treated with you long ago. But there was another party interested, and that person would not agree to give the document up. But things have worked around so that the consent of that person has been given to the transfer I came here to make."

"That is satisfactory, at all events. How do you propose to settle it? What will induce you to surrender the will without further delay?"

The visitor paused a few moments, and then said:

"I know that you are a man of your word, Mr. Lopez; and your daughter is a lady who, I believe, will do whatever she pledges herself to. You know this is rather a ticklish business for a man to put his finger in, and we—that is, my friend and myself—must rely on your honor to redeem the pledges you may make."

"My honor has never been questioned, I believe, sir; and my daughter shall bind herself equally with myself to pay you your reward, and make no inquiries as to who or what you are, if you will restore to her the estate of which she has been defrauded. Does not that suffice?"

"It does, and I will deal honestly with you. Give me a joint note signed by yourself and Miss Lopez for twenty-five thousand dollars, to be paid in to Solomon and Sons, of New York, to the credit of Abraham Hopkins, as soon as money enough from the property comes into your possession to do so, and I will produce the will."

"Then you have it with you! You can give me ocular demonstration that such a thing is really in existence? I know Mr. Horton's writing, and no deception can be put upon me."

"I am not attempting one, sir, I assure you. I have the thing safe here in my breast-pocket, and for the note I mentioned I will at once surrender it to you, relying on your good faith to carry out your part of the bargain."

"Of course you may. Oh, Inez! my child—my darling, you will have your own yet! and I—I shall die happy in the thought that *now* your happiness is secured beyond a doubt. Bring me pens and paper; let me write what is necessary to secure this great good for you."

Inez, trembling with surprise and joy at this unlooked-for turn in her affairs, hastened to lay open a portfolio before her father and place a pen in his almost lifeless fingers. He made an effort to write, but long disuse of his hand had almost paralyzed it, and he cried out:

"I cannot make a legible mark. Write the note yourself, my child; it will also be better from you, for you are the heiress."

"But Miss Lopez is not of age, and a contract made by her will not be valid," objected the stranger; but he laughed aloud as soon as he had spoken the words, and went on—"I studied law once, and habit is second to nature. What does it matter in a transaction of this kind whether the young lady is old enough to be responsible in a legal point of view or not. She will be on honor with me, and such a claim as this could not be brought into the courts at any rate. Write the note, if you please, Miss Lopez, and sign your own name to it. If the money is

to Solomon and Son, I shall be sure to
: if it isn't, you may chance to hear from
in some time or other."
e looked him clearly in the eyes as she
said:

u will have no cause to apply to me again.
oney shall be deposited as you direct, as
I can control so large a sum. The note
drawn up in my father's name, with mine
urity, and it can pass for a liability of his."
hat will do—you have a head for business,
ady, I perceive, and the large estate you
it will not be badly managed."
scarcely listened to him. She impatiently

at is the usual form of such things? Dic-
at I am to write, and I will put it down."
ve me a note, payable at sight, for the
greed on. I shall keep a sharp lookout on
ness as it proceeds, and your lawyer can
he money in the hands of the bankers. I
ow when you are able to pay it well

had managed her father's affairs suffi-
to know what was required, and she
ashed off the necessary words and of-
he paper to the inspection of the visitor.
ced over it, nodded and said:
t get the old man to scrawl his name, and
ur own below it."
ust first see that for which it is to be ex-
" said Lopez. "You can have nothing
een Inez and myself, and I must verify
e I affix my signature to that paper."
ot see the use of such a precaution in
ction like this, but you shall be satis-

rew from his breast a small parcel secured
al wrappers; unrolling these, he pre-
a sealed envelope, endorsed on the

Horton—Deed of Transfer to my grand-
ter Lopez—*Anno Domini*, 18—.
old father grasped it, held it to the
in a transport of joy, cried out:
—it is genuine! This is the old man's
and I hold in my hand the open-sesame
ence and happiness for you, my dearest
I only wish that I could live to enjoy it
but God will not grant me that bless-
it is too much to ask of His good-

ears in her eyes, Inez replied:
that He will, father. Without you,
pleasure of being rich will be gone.
go to Europe, where the German baths
store to you the use of your limbs and
u back to what you were a few years

shook his head, and impatiently said:
me the note. Let me make an effort
my name for the last time; for, after this,
ile what may happen to myself."
was again placed in his fingers, and,
ed efforts, his name in irregular char-
affixed to it. Inez lightly dashed off
below it, and then placed the note in
of the visitor.
sir, the exchange is made; and you
ke this slip of paper as equivalent to
it represents. The first obligation I pay
property comes into my possession shall
I promise you on the honor of a true

ak no more, Miss Lopez, and I am
I can trust you. Of course, you will
r. Manly to your assistance as soon as
and he will speedily put things in train
ration of your rights. I can only
my own part that circumstances have
ed you of them."
jauntily, secured the paper she had
in his pocket-book, and, taking up
id on:
w bid you good-night, Mr. Lopez,
yourself and your daughter my
for your health and happiness."
ched the bell, and Mrs. Perkins
appeared at the door, wearing a most
puzzled expression on her face. The
hurriedly said:
k to show this gentleman out, and
n safety to the road."
s no need of the last. I can find my
s I found it in, Miss Lopez. I wish
good night!"
visitor shambled out of the room in
ungainly fashion with which he had

ged if I don't believe his clothes is
whispered Dick to the old woman.
ll-faced man as that 'ere don't have
es as that to carry. What brought
wonder?"
you mind," replied Mrs. Perkins, in
puzzled tone, "he has brought some
that brightened up my child anyhow,
e a notion what it may be."
d a lamp in his hand, and Dick was
follow the stranger to the steps, near
horse he had rode was fastened. With
ement he witnessed his efforts to
ed the man's belief that the clothing
the visitor was padded gained addition-
h. But he finally gained a secure
e saddle, and rode away in the dark-

ner had the door closed on him than
w herself on her knees before her
joyfully cried out:
a, papa! what have I done to de-
s great blessing? I can now bring
tune to Godfrey that his proud mother
glad to welcome me as her daughter. I
ve you all that you pine for—you shall
ing, amusement—everything that can
you to health."
t yet would not throw a cloud over her
He passed his hand caressingly over her
d smilingly said:
not doubt that you will do all that will
r power for your poor old father, Inez,
hope that I may at least be spared long
to see you united to your lover. You
write to Godfrey to-morrow, and tell him
s happened. Send in for Mr. Manly at
an hour as possible; and, in the mean-
ce this precious document in a place of

ought back to the prosaic realities of
t took the package from his hand,
e lines written by her grandfather to
d then hastened to place it in a cab-
re her mother's diamonds were kept.
g the key in her own possession, and,
r beside her father, talked with him
former gaiety and brightness.
ur of unalloyed happiness in the
evening before her flitted away on
s, and then Mrs. Perkins came in
s, and set out the small table on
Lopez took his meals. With this
and Inez could have no secrets, and
said:
s been so long sought in vain has
t at last, Jane. That singular-look-
ne bother to restore the missing will,
t safe."
dropped the plate she was placing,
n mute surprise; but she presently
e of her tongue and poured forth
e of inquiries and congratulations
nd it difficult to answer them. She
ing:
gabond stole it himself, I'll bet any
s Inez; and I s'pose he asked a
y for giving it back?"
e he has had his reward, or he will
ich is the same thing; but you must
be very prudent and say nothing of his visit here."

"Of course, miss, I understand—when people brings back stolen goods they don't want their visits talked about. I know what I am about, and I'll hold my tongue of course. But I just wish the fellow could be brought up with a short turn, in place of being paid for his rascality."

"I would cheerfully have paid him double the sum I am to give him if he had brought me this good fortune three months ago," replied Inez, with a faint sigh.

Lopez impatiently broke in:

"Give me my tea, Jane; I am tired and too much excited for my state of health."

Mrs. Perkins acted on this hint, and served the supper in silence, though her beaming and triumphant glances told Inez how deeply she shared in her joy.

An order was sent to Dick to set out for Newport at an early hour on the following morning with a note written by Inez to Mr. Manly, briefly informing him of what had occurred, and requesting his immediate appearance at the Glades.

It was later than usual when Mr. Lopez retired, and Inez sat several hours talking with her nurse, and blithely arranging her future plans. For a brief space of time, she was deeply, unutterably happy; for not a doubt of her lover's truth came to mar the sweetness of the cup that was so unexpectedly offered to her lip. She quaffed whole draughts of joy, and most sorely did she need them to sustain her through the bitter trials that awaited her loving and devoted heart.

Inez at a late hour retired to her own apartment. She looked in on her father, saw that he was sleeping quietly; and after pouring out her soul in thanks to Heaven, she sought her couch, hoping to dream of Godfrey Fenton—to be with him at least in spirit through the hours of slumber. But sleep refused to come to her eye-lids; the excitement of the evening had effectually banished it, and the uncouth form of her recent visitor came between herself and her lover, diverting her thoughts from Fenton, and fixing them by a kind of fascination upon himself.

She recalled the stained face; for Inez had penetrated the disguise, and knew that a fair complexion and sandy hair was concealed beneath the artificial tinge and raven wig.

That it was Wilkins himself who had come to her under a feigned name to restore what he had purloined she did not for a moment doubt; but she had forborne to suggest this to her father. Let him profit by his rascality, though she would have given much to understand why this long delay had been made in restoring the will to her, as she could any day have made as good terms with her father. Finally, wearied with conjecture, Inez fell asleep, but she did not dream of Fenton.

All night she was falling from a great height, to find herself caught in some mysterious manner on a gossamer cloud which bore her lightly onward till the same giddy experience recurred, to meet always with the same result.

The voice of Mrs. Perkins at her bedside aroused her, and she heard her say:

"It is getting late, Miss Inez, and as Dick has come back with a message from Mr. Manly, saying that he will be here by ten o'clock, I thought I had better rouse you up that you may be quite ready to receive him."

"Thank you, Jane. I have overslept myself, but I shall soon be ready for breakfast. Is papa awake yet?"

"Bless your heart, yes; he is in the parlor waiting for you. As soon as he heard that the lawyer was coming he insisted on being dressed and taken [illegible]

"So much the better. [illegible] well. Ah! I hope this piece of good fortune will bring new life to him."

When Inez joined her father she thought that it had indeed had that effect; for she had not seen his eyes brighten with such animation for years. He greeted her with a kiss, and hastened to dilate on what they would do when Fenton came, with a lightness of heart that gave her new hope for him.

The breakfast things were scarcely cleared away when Mr. Manly arrived. He came in looking glad and excited, and grasping the hand of Inez with friendly warmth, said:

"You have the deed, Miss Lopez? It's all safe and right. I assure you, my dear young lady, that a terrible weight was lifted from my heart by the announcement your note made. I could never have died satisfied, knowing that a trust confided to my care had slipped through my fingers, even with no fault of my own. Come, tell me all about it."

Inez produced the deed, laid it before him, and briefly explained how it came into her possession.

"But what could the thief mean by withholding it so long. Why did he not communicate with you before the estate passed into the hands of trustees for that charity? We shall have double trouble now to get possession of it; and it is a shame that you should have been kept out of your own all these months."

"That does not signify now, Mr. Manly," replied Inez with a smile. "I do not think there will be much difficulty in making a compromise, as I do not wish to take from the poor orphans the home that has been given them at Oakland. My father agrees with me that the old place shall be given to the county as an asylum, with an endowment from the estate of fifty thousand dollars. Such a settlement as that will prevent litigation, which I wish by all means to avoid."

"You are very liberal, Miss Lopez; but I think that bait will suffice to prevent a lawsuit which would be sure to end in your favor. There will still be enough, and to spare, left; for I have been looking into Mrs. Hawks' affairs, and I find that the property left by her is worth nearly four hundred thousand dollars. You are a great heiress, and a—a most charming girl, I must say. You are positively radiant to-day."

"Thank you; but I am most happy," replied Inez, with a silvery laugh that rippled musically from her red lips.

Mr. Lopez impatiently asked:

"There is no doubt—not the shadow of a doubt, I hope, of the nature of the settlement you hold in your hand, Mr. Manly?"

"Not the slightest, I believe; but we can soon settle all that. Mrs. Perkins is here, I believe, and the man who came in for me seems an intelligent fellow; we will have them in, and after explaining to them what it contains, we will break the seal of this envelope and satisfy ourselves as to what its provisions are."

The bell was rung and immediately responded to by the appearance of Mrs. Perkins. Dick was summoned, and the lawyer said to them:

"I wish you both to examine the superscription of this envelope, and hereafter, if necessary, to testify to the fact that it was opened in your presence, and its contents read aloud to you."

"Of course we will, sir. We are ready to do anything that will help to bring Miss Inez to her own again," said Mrs. Perkins, briskly. "I always believed that the will of the old master would turn up, and sure enough the rapscallion that's had it all this time repented of his villainy and brought it back."

The writing was duly examined, the seal broken, and the little party listened with breathless interest to the voice of Mr. Manly as he read in clear tones an instrument perfect in all its details, which gave intact to Inez Lopez, the only child of Mr. Horton's beloved daughter, Susan Lopez, the whole of his large estate, to be enjoyed by her after the decease of Eunice Hawks, *née* Horton.

The reader ceased, cleared his throat and said:

"It is just as I always believed. Mrs. Hawks had no more than a life estate in the property, and this must settle your claim to it beyond all doubt, Miss Lopez."

Inez turned to her father to see the effect of this upon him. He was leaning back, with his eyes closed, his hands clasped in thankfulness; but there was a singular expression on his face that alarmed her. A death-like pallor had taken the place of the more healthy hue excitement had brought to his dark cheeks, and his eyes seemed wandering in vacancy. He faintly gasped:

"Thank God! it is all yours! I am going where money is of no avail; but you will be happy with the one that loves you, Inez. Seek him; don't wait for him to come to you; for others may withhold him. God bless you, darling of my heart, and keep you always."

"Oh, papa, don't—don't. You break my heart talking and looking so. There are your drops." And with her own hand Inez hastened to offer him the preparation of opium he sometimes used in place of the gum. He put it back, feebly saying:

"Too late, too late. It can do no good now. Kiss me, Inez, and do not mourn too bitterly over my loss. Let Godfrey speedily wipe away your tears, and be as happy as you deserve to be."

Inez stooped forward and kissed him many times, though the touch of his chilling lips sent a wild thrill of fear to her heart. With one long struggling sigh, the spirit of her father escaped from his worn out frame, in the very moment the fruition of his most ardent hope had been gained. The overtasked heart ceased its pulsations forever, and all that remained of the parent that had loved her was his broken down and wasted body.

But it was long before Inez could be brought to believe that he was really dead, and she vainly used every effort to bring back the life that had flickered so long, to be extinguished in that hour of triumphant joy.

We draw a curtain over the anguish of the stricken daughter. When at last convinced that life was extinct, Inez permitted herself to be taken to her room by her nurse, there to weep over the sudden calamity that had overtaken her; for, irritable and difficult to please as her father had often been, she clung to him with the fondest affection, and the blow which severed him from her was a severe one indeed.

Mr. Manly took possession of the will, and lost no time in notifying the trustees that it had been recovered; at the same time informing them of the munificent compromise the heiress was willing to make. As the property had scarcely yet passed into their possession, the terms of an agreement were soon settled, and a few days after her father's funeral was over Inez signed the deed of transfer which gave Oakland, with its handsome endowment, to the charity to which her aunt had devoted the whole estate.

Inez gladly did this; for she would have been unwilling to receive so much without giving from her superfluity to the young and helpless beings who had already been collected as recipients of the bounty.

With Mr. Manly's assistance, the sum agreed on as the price of the will was transmitted to Solomon & Son in New York, and Inez felt that her work at Newport was finished. She could not remain in that desolate home, with no companions save servants; and when Father Espana came to inform her that he was on the eve of departure for New Orleans, Inez recalled her father's last injunctions, and asked him if he would take charge of herself and Mrs. Perkins

The priest was an old, gray-haired man, many years older than her father had been, so there was no impropriety, she thought, in asking this service at his hands. After some slight hesitation, it was granted, though he seemed anxious to discover the object of her southern tour.

Inez explained to him that she went at her father's command; and she hoped to find a friend in Natchez who would relieve him from all further care on her account. She had written to Fenton informing him of the occurrences of the few past weeks, and asked him to meet her on her arrival in the city of the bluff; and in the simplicity and truth of her own soul, she did not doubt that he would hasten there to receive her with most loving welcome; to secure her hand at once, and with it the magnificent dower she could now bestow upon him.

His mother's opposition to their union was of little importance to them now; for the fortune that Mrs. Markland could bestow on her son dwindled into insignificance beside the one Inez herself possessed, and she doubted not that the haughty mother would, in time, learn to appreciate her at her true value.

Mrs. Perkins entered into her young lady's plans without demur, and preparations were made for departure. The first bitterness of grief for the loss she had sustained had passed away, and Inez began to enjoy the change in her monotonous life; to look forward with shy happiness to her reunion with the lover to whom she was so earnestly devoted.

Father Espana proved a most agreeable travelling companion, for he was a thoroughly cultivated man, who had seen much of the best society, and yet who did not disdain to converse with his young charge in such a way as to prove to her that, in spite of her age and sex, he considered her an intelligent entity, capable of appreciating the lofty subjects he often discussed with her.

Father Espana was about to visit the convents in Louisiana, and he earnestly invited Inez to spend some time in the seclusion of one of them before she settled her worldly destiny. To him a young girl offering herself at the shrine of the Madonna, to assume the duties of consoler and comforter to the weary and broken-hearted, was the most sublime spectacle that earth could witness; and Inez listened to him until she thought if ties so strong did not bind her to Fenton, she might seek the life the priest so glowingly depicted as the happiest and noblest one to be found among earth's children. But Godfrey Fenton beckoned her to his side; with him she would be safe and happy; so she held her precious secret intact, and would not betray to her kind protector the cause of her long journey, anxious as he was to discover it.

They reached Natchez on a bright morning in February, and Father Espana went with Inez to the hotel, secured rooms for herself and Mrs. Perkins, and then, giving his address, begged that she would write to him as soon as possible, and inform him as to whether her hopes in making so long a journey had been realized.

Inez was deeply disappointed that Fenton was not at the landing to meet her; but she excused him by remembering how uncertain the arrival of Mississippi steamers was. As soon as she was established in her room she rang for a waiter, and sent her card down to the office with an inquiry as to whether any letter or message had been left for her.

The man returned immediately with the card of Guy Denham, on which was pencilled a brief request that she would see his sister, who was in the house awaiting her arrival.

Pleased with this mark of consideration, which she attributed to Fenton's forethought, Inez wrote in reply:

"I shall be most happy to see Mrs. Langley again. How kind of her to come to meet me."

In a few moments the messenger returned to
conduct
Langley sa
followed him.
betrothed, and
never have antic
awaited her. Fen
many weeks, but tha
trust in him. She ac
every way that did not
truth; and she descend
bounding heart to meet her
summer.

Mrs. Langley came forward look
though she was smiling in a sad s
and she hastened to kiss Inez, and say

"I have come to take you home with
dear Miss Lopez. I have been here on the
for you two days, and my carriage is alre
ordered. It will be at the door in a few m
ments."

"How shall I thank you for such kindness
Godfrey sent you, I suppose, though it is strange if he knew when I was to be here that he was not on the spot to meet me and welcome me himself. I have taken an unusual step I know, Mrs. Langley, but it was my father's dying wish, and, to tell you all the truth, it was my own also."

"Yes, I understand that. Godfrey had your letter. He *could not* come in to meet you himself, so he delegated to me the pleasure of welcoming you on Mississippi soil. I have a great deal to say to you that is of the deepest interest to you, but we must defer our confidences till we are safe in my house. Mrs. Perkins is with you of course? Pray send her word that you will make no stay here, and she can bring your things down to this room."

"Why are you in so great a hurry, Mrs. Langley? We are alone, and you can tell me all you have to communicate without waiting till we reach your house."

"We may be interrupted any moment, my dear. No, no,—you must come with me at once, and I will not tell you a syllable of Godfrey till you are safe beneath my own roof."

"He is ill!" faltered Inez, growing pale,—"perhaps dying?"

"I declare to you that he is not ill, but he is in difficulties. He could not come to town to-day, though he was here last night. Rely on me, my dear Inez, to do what is best for you, and for him too. You will consent to come with me?"

"Certainly, since only by so doing can I hear what so deeply concerns me. Excuse me a few moments—I will go up to Jane and inform her of this arrangement."

As the door closed on Inez, Denham came in by an opposite one, and quickly asked:

"Has she consented? Will she return with us to Ashwood?"

"Yes; she has accepted my invitation. Unfortunate girl! to come so far, with her heart filled with love and trust, to meet such a blow as awaits her! Oh, Guy, it is terrible! it breaks my heart to think of what is before her."

He drew near her, and, with pale passion, said:

"And that villain has robbed me of my love—my life, while this hapless girl believes him devoted to her. Oh, Anna, I sometimes think that I shall kill him yet!"

"Don't talk so, Guy; you terrify me by such threats. I hear Inez coming. Compose your face, and do not let her suspect what is hanging over her while we are here. When she is in the seclusion of my own home I will tell her of Godfrey's faithlessness as tenderly as I can."

Inez came in, followed by Mrs. Perkins. Denham advanced to meet her, and offered his hand with commonplace greetings. She gravely said:

"You were very kind, Mr. Denham, to come with your sister to meet me. You are not look-

"No; I have not been well of late. [illegible] if the carriage is ready."

And he made his escape from the room to regain outward composure, and return a few moments later with the announcement that his sister's carriage was at the door.

The four took their seats in it, and were whirled away; and while Inez goes forward to meet the sad revelation that awaits her, we will return to Silvermere, and relate what had happened there during this long interval of time; for we left Opal Hastings and her fortunes on the ninth of December, and it is now the fifteenth of February.

CHAPTER XLI.

The first few days of Nina Gordon's stay beneath the roof of Mr. Hastings were spent quietly enough so far as outward appearances went, though her mind was kept in a constant ferment of rage by the preparations that were making for the approaching marriage.

Boxes loaded with finery came from New Orleans, and the bridal presents began to come in. On these Nina looked with surprise and envy, for they were all as magnificent as the taste of the friends who offered them was good. But pre-eminent among them was the gift of Fenton. It was a superb suite of opals, set with diamonds of the purest lustre, with a point lace fan ornamented with the same costly gems.

Nina went into raptures over them.

"Oh how beautiful! how exquisite! Those stones look as if a heart of flame would burst from them. I have never before seen jewels to be compared with them. But you will not venture to be married in them, Miss Hastings?"

"Why not?" asked Opal in surprise. "Such was Godfrey's intention when he sent them, I am sure."

"Then Mr. Fenton must be ignorant of the superstition which many people attach to these gems. It is thought unlucky for a bride to wear them."

"I do not suppose that my fate can be materially influenced by the jewels I may wear," replied Opal, indifferently. "It is settled, at any rate, that they are to be a portion of my bridal attire, and I should wear them in compliment to Godfrey's taste, even if I were certain that a tear was set with every gem."

"You speak very lightly of tears, Miss Hastings, but when you have as much cause to shed them as I have had, you may shrink from even a trifle that looks ominous to a superstitious eye."

Opal's violet eyes turned on her with an expression of interest. She earnestly asked:

"Do you then think that my life has been all sunshine? that I have not wept as bitterly as you can have wept? Ah! Miss Gordon, the children of prosperity are not always as gay and happy as they seem; yet I have no right to complain, for I have everything that fortune can bestow, besides the affection of tender parents."

"And the adoring love of your betrothed," replied Nina, in a low voice. "Mr. Fenton seems more deeply enamored with you than he has ever been before."

Opal turned from her, coldly saying:

"I am quite satisfied with Godfrey's devotion; and if his heart did wander from me for a season, I have forgiven it. We will not speak of him, if you please, Miss Gordon."

At that moment the entrance of Mrs. Hastings, who broke into raptures at the sight of the jewels, enabled Nina to recover from the fit of rage into which Opal's rebuff had thrown her.

The voice of Fenton was heard on the lawn at this moment speaking to a servant, and Opal glided away to receive and thank him for his magnificent present.

Nina discussed everything with Mrs. Hastings in the manner she knew would be most agreeable to her. She was really very fond of pretty
is
C o her
lot, a atter-
ing unc , and he
would not s ith which
his child look o the assumption of
the marriage bond. He could well have interpreted the pale shadow that had settled on her face; the restless, yet subdued manner which betrayed with how much difficulty the unquiet heart was brought into subjection to the destiny she could not evade; yet her father never faltered in his determination to let things take their course.

Mr. Hastings rode out every morning, and as soon as the sound of the footsteps of his horse died away Nina would find some pretext for entering the library. When there, in place of looking for books to read, she pried into everything as if seeking confirmation to some suspicion that had found entrance into her mind.

On this morning she found his keys hanging from the lock of his cabinet, and sure of being uninterrupted, for Mrs. Hastings had gone to lie down and Opal was in the conservatory with her lover, Nina locked herself in the room and began to examine the private papers of her host.

She took out package after package, all tied up with red tape and neatly labelled, but seemed disappointed as she glanced at each one. But she at last found what she was seeking—the full name of Mr. Hastings written out in his own hand. She had already asked him what the F. in his name stood for, and he had evaded her in such a way as to confirm the belief that began to assume form in her subtle mind. Nina read it now with flashing eyes, traced in the same clear chirography so well remembered by her—"William Fairlie Hastings;" and she bitterly muttered:

"It is as I thought. *He* is the uncle who has educated me; who, I now believe, has defrauded me of my inheritance to give it to his own daughter. He has lied to me, too—asserting that Mr. Fairlie is dead, while he himself is that person. What can I do to right myself? To recover my own, for I believe that the money he spends so lavishly belongs to *me*. If I could claim his fortune, Godfrey Fenton would seek *me*, in place of that pale, reluctant bride, and I *will* possess it yet. My uncle appropriates *my* wealth, and makes me a dependent in the house that should be my own. He thinks a thousand a year liberal payment for the wrong he has done me; but we shall see; we shall see!"

Entirely ignorant that the wealth enjoyed by Mr. Hastings belonged exclusively to his wife, Nina wove a theory of probabilities that looked plausible enough to one like herself, for she knew that if placed in his position she would not

Why he should desire to conceal the relationship that existed between them, Nina could not comprehend, unless his reticence cloaked some deep-laid scheme of wrong of which she was the victim; and her mind was soon fully made up that her kinsman had defrauded her of the fortune that should rightfully have belonged to her.

Yes, *she* was the heiress, and he the unprincipled usurper of her rights. She had often read of such things, and there could be no doubt that some foul conspiracy had placed her in the inferior position she held in that house. Mr. Hastings had doubtless been the executor to her father's estate, and had made himself master of the whole of it; thus she settled it in her own convictions, and, when she heard Opal's voice on the portico, she hastened to replace the papers, and went out to join her and Fenton.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

True Philosophy.

Madame Necker relates the following anecdote of M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva:—"It was said of him that he never had been out of temper: some persons, by means of his female servant, were determined to put this to the proof. The woman in question stated that she had been his servant for thirty years, and she protested that during that time she had never seen him in a passion. They promised her a sum of money if she would endeavor to make him angry; she consented, and knowing he was particularly fond of having his bed well-made, she on the day appointed neglected to make it. M. Abauret observed it, and, the next morning, made the observation to her; she answered, that she had forgotten it; she said nothing more, but, on the same evening, she again neglected to make the bed; the same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher, and she again made some such excuse, in a cooler manner than before. On the third day, he said to her, 'You have not yet made my bed; you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, as you probably found it fatigued you. But, after all, it is of no great consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is.' She threw herself at his feet, and avowed all to him."

* * *

Of Two Evils Choosing the Least.

A French dog was taught by his master to execute various commissions, and among others, to fetch him victuals from the *traiteurs* in a basket. One evening, when the dog was returning to his master thus furnished, two other dogs, attracted by the savory smell of the petits pâtés that this new messenger was carrying, determined to attack him. The dog put his basket on the ground, and set himself courageously against the first that advanced against him; but while he was engaged with the one, the other ran to the basket and began to help himself. At length, seeing that there was no chance of beating both the dogs, and saving his master's dinner, he threw himself between his two opponents, and without further ceremony, quickly despatched the remainder of the petits pâtés himself, and then returned to his master with the empty basket.

* * *

—Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance. Reality surpasses imagination; and we see breathing, brightening and moving before our eyes sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

* * *

—Genius either discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty. Talent arranges, cultivates, polishes the discoveries of genius.

This bl with us to dwell,
While light upon Li ver,
Again began to quiver,
And blessed we Him, the Giver, for our little Lily Belle!
Lily Belle—Lily Belle—
Little Lily Belle—
And blessed we Him, the Giver, for our little Lily Belle!

◆

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXIV.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

MR. BYFIELD.

How many times in the course of my life have I had occasion to thank my good genius for that quality of mind and temperament which has always enabled me to look upon the brighter side of fate, and to rationally submit to the ruling of those circumstances over which I have had no control. A simple will to make the best of what I could not help led me to a state of real contentment on board the *Bristol*, though I had by no means given up the hope of getting clear of that service ere many more months had passed.

The presence of even one true friend will make a habitation endurable; and when one finds himself surrounded by friends, he certainly ought to find occasion for happiness, if he is in the enjoyment of health, and is called upon to do no absolute wrong. I had many friends on board the sloop-of-war, and among them Mr. McGregor came to be the most valuable, and the one to be most highly prized. At first I was at a loss to account for the warm and devoted friendship he manifested. To be sure, I had saved his life; but then that was in battle, and I know not as I exposed myself any more in doing the deed than I might have been called upon to do at any time during such an engagement. And then look at the difference in our stations. The first lieutenant on board one of His Majesty's sloops-of-war is an officer of high rank, with power to award punishment to not a few aristocratic-feeling gentry. But not long after the capture of our prizes he revealed to me the whole secret.

He told me, as we stood together upon the forecastle, one evening, that he once had a younger brother whom he had loved very dearly, and that that brother, on a certain occasion, saved his life by turning away the pistol of a drunken poacher whom he had caught in the act of stealing rabbits from his elder brother's (the earl's) preserve. That younger brother was dead. He died at the age of sixteen. And I resembled him so nearly that were I to be dressed in his clothing a casual acquaintance would fail to detect that I was not Gascoigne McGregor. The lieutenant told me this with tears in his eyes, and from that time I loved him with a warm and deep devotion. He found in me (pardon me for the egotism; but I only speak the truth) a mind so much above the general level of those with whom I was classed, and an intellect so far superior that he loved to converse with me.

And here I must relate an amusing incident that occurred to me in connection with McGregor's partiality. It was amusing at the time, though it threatened to cause me trouble, in that it came very near raising up an enemy for me.

One of our midshipmen was a youth named George Byfield. His father was a wealthy baronet, whose money gave to his son a standing in the world, as well as a position in the Royal Navy. But a father's wealth could not give to the son intellect or good manners. Byfield had been ten months in the service, and though the trumpet had been often placed in his hands, and the control of the ship given up to him for experiment, he had never yet been able to put the ship about, from one tack to the other. And he was as stupid in his mathematics as he was in his seamanship. One noon, while the officers had their quadrants on deck for the purpose of taking the sun, Byfield had his, and Mr. McGregor was endeavoring to beat into his head the rules for working out the observation. The sun had been caught at its meridian height, and the lieutenant was trying to get the midshipman to make his statement from the degrees, minutes, and seconds indicated by the index and vernier, and therefrom to find out the latitude of the ship at that time; but the student could not do it. McGregor raised his eyes, and as I chanced to be coming from the stern-davits, where I had been fixing the lanyard to one of the life-buoys, he hailed me:

"Burton," said he, "come and show this young gentleman how to work out his observation."

If I had stopped to reflect I might have seen that the lieutenant only called upon me thus for the purpose of expressing his contempt for the midshipman's stupidity, and I should not have taken the order so literally, for McGregor had not the most remote idea that I could do anything of the kind. However, I answered the summons by going immediately over upon the starboard side of the poop, and reaching out my hand for Mr. Byfield's quadrant. I then noticed the wondering, querying look upon the lieutenant's face, and for the first time I suspected the truth; but I would not back out then; and, furthermore, I am willing to confess that a feeling of pride—a desire to show them that the Yankee sailor-boy could work out an observation—led me to go ahead.

"Make the explanation thorough," said McGregor. "Tell him all the why's and wherefore's." He said this after I had taken the quadrant into my hand, and I could not determine whether he did it to test me, or to still further put the midshipman to shame; though probably both ideas were in his mind.

Dear Reader, at this late day I have no desire to show off my nautical and astronomical knowledge to you; but as I offer these "Scraps" in part for your information, and as there may be many of you who know nothing of the principle of working out an observation of a heavenly body, I will set it down here just as I gave it to Mr. Byfield.

As I took his quadrant, and observed the position of the index upon the graduated arc, I asked him if he had taken the sun's upper or lower limb.

"The lower limb, of course," he replied,

afraid that
en by his su-

e course I should
that I would pro-
were my pupil, and
uct him.
modestly, but unhesitat-
first place, you will under-
ving our angles we reckon
vation to be at the centre of
the point observed to be the cen-
n, so here we find two corrections
to be made, which are, the sun's semi-
r and the parallax. Having taken the
its extreme lower limb, of course, in or-
o bring its centre to the horizon, we must
half its diameter, which is about sixteen
nutes.

The parallax is that difference in the angle of two lines, one drawn from the position we occupy and the other from the centre of the earth to the sun. If the sun were directly over our heads both lines would be exactly the same, and as we are now not far from the equator, the difference cannot be much—hardly worth noticing. In addition to these we have two more corrections to make—the dip and the refraction. In taking our observation, the surface of the sea is our base line extending to the horizon; but as we, standing upon this poop, are elevated some thirteen or fifteen feet above that surface, of course the horizon, as it appears to us, will be below the true horizon. Were the surface of the earth a plane this would not occur, as then the height of the observer would make no difference about the other end of the line; but, the surface being spherical, the higher the eye the greater will be the *dip* of the object at the apparent horizon. You can see this very plainly by taking a telescope when a sail is in sight and making an observation from the deck, and then going aloft and making another. You will find the dip remarkable. And as this dip lengthens the arc of altitude, of course it is to be subtracted from the apparent or observed result."

At this point Mr. McGregor stopped me with an expression of admiration, and I then noticed that Mr. Allyn and Charles Trevelyan were standing close by listening. When I observed this I hesitated, and I think I should have backed out from further explanation if the lieutenant had not kindly and encouragingly ordered me to proceed.

"Give us the whole of it," he said to me; and then, to Byfield, he added:

"And do you pay particular attention, sir, for I do assure you it is worth remembering."

And at a nod from him I resumed:

"The dip to be subtracted from the apparent altitude for an elevation such as this poop would be, I should judge, not far from three minutes and forty seconds. The fourth correction to be made is for the refraction of the sun's rays by the earth's atmosphere. The principle of refraction can be best observed by taking a deep dish and upon the bottom, on the inside, laying a piece of money, or any other object that will not float. Then move away from the dish, or incline the head until the object is hidden by the rim, and then let some other person slowly pour water into the dish, and very soon the bottom thereof will appear to rise, and the hidden object will come in sight. This is caused by the power of the water to refract the rays of light. The atmosphere which surrounds the earth has the same power, the result of which is, that the celestial bodies viewed through it appear to be higher than they really are, the rays of light coming from them being bent down towards us. Consequently, the refraction is to be subtracted from the apparent altitude; but in this latitude, however, it must be very slight, not more than ten or twelve seconds. However, this and the dip amount to enough to reduce the correction of the sun's semi-diameter from sixteen to twelve, so that we have only twelve minutes, or miles, to add to the apparent alitude, and we have the true altitude. Now were the sun always directly over the equator at its meridian altitude, the figures already in our possession would be sufficient to give us our latitude. Because: the distance from the sun to the pole would then be just ninety degrees, and the true altitude subtracted from that would give us our latitude; but such not being the case we are forced to have recourse to the tables. By subtracting the sun's true altitude from ninety we find the true zenith distance. And now, sir, you can refer to your table and find what the sun's declination is for this time, which you can add to, or subtract from, this result, as it may chance to be north or south, and you will then have your true latitude."

"There, Mr. Byfield," cried McGregor, when I had concluded, "now you can go below and look over your Navigator and Nautical Almanac, and see if you can give us the latitude to-morrow."

The midshipman went away and the lieutenant turned to me.

"Burton, I had no idea that you could do it. You ought not to be before the mast."

The opportunity was too good to be lost, and I quickly replied:

"I should not be in that position a great while, sir, if I had my just rights."

"Eh?"

"I should be upon the deck of another ship, sir," I pursued as he dropped that simple ejaculation, "where a captain who is my true friend would use his influence to promote me."

"Well, well, my brave lad," the lieutenant kindly said, at the same time laying his hand upon my shoulder, "don't be disheartened. There never was a captain under any flag who could be a better friend to you than I will be. So now go about your duty and keep up a good heart; and don't be afraid to ask me for any favor you may reasonably desire."

As I went down the poop-ladder I heard the sailing-master:

"By ——! McGregor, that fellow would be worth his weight in gold to the service if he'd been born under our flag!"

Who can wonder that I lingered long enough to catch McGregor's response?

"Aye, Allyn, he's one out of a thousand; and if he was British born, he should have a commission in His Majesty's service if it lay in my power to obtain it."

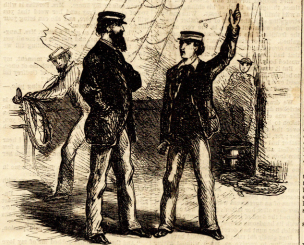
That night, in the top, I related to Jack Miller the circumstances of my adventure upon the poop. At first he was inclined to think I was joking; but when I had convinced him that I was in earnest, he not only listened very attentively, but was deeply interested.

"Beck," said he, after cogitating a while, "I'm glad ye had such a pull at that lubber's confounded gentility. I don't think I ever see'd just such another chap as he is. Most generally yer stuck-up gentry do know a little sumth'n, but I'm blamed if he knows enough to turn in when he's sleepy. But, my boy, I'm afear'd he'll lay it up agin ye, an' worry an' fret ye."

I told Jack that I had thought of that same thing myself, but there was no help for it now.

"And besides," said I, "Mr. McGregor is my friend."

"I know it," replied Jack, "but then, ye know, there's a thousand ways in which a midshipman can bother an' fret a sailor—ways 'at ye can't get hold of to make a report on. But then he can't kill ye nor eat ye."



That Byfield meant to persecute me, I saw very plainly on the next morning as I met him in the gangway. He looked at me with a malevolent expression, and I noticed his head lop over on one side with a threatening movement. He was only waiting for an opportunity.

The next day after that was stormy. The wind had come out from north'rd and west'rd, and the rain came down in a cold, disagreeable drizzle. By noon, the wind had come to blow so hard that we double-reefed the topsails, and set the topgallant-sails over them. The starboard watch was on from four to six, and along about five o'clock I went below to get a piece of tobacco. I kept my tobacco in a small ditty-bag behind our mess-chest; and I had just got it out, and put the bag away, and was turning to go on deck, when I met Byfield.

"Hallo!" he cried, "isn't it your watch on deck?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"And why are you skulking down here?" he demanded, with one or two oaths.

I told him I was not skulking, but that I had just slipped down to get a piece of tobacco.

Upon that, with the application of several low and profane adjectives, he told me I was a liar. Said he:

"It isn't the first time I've caught you caulking when 'twas your watch on deck. Where's the master-at-arms?"

"What's wanted, sir?" asked Leech, coming out from his corner.

"Take your colt and lash this caulking rascal on deck."

"I don't keep a colt by me, sir," replied the master-at-arms. "And, what's more sir, this man isn't caulking."

I saw Mr. Allyn standing at the steerage-door, and, taking advantage of his presence, I turned towards the forward hatch, the midshipman crying after me as I went:

"—— you! I'll see that you toe the crack while you're aboard this ship, my beauty!"

He had not noticed the sailing-master, or he would not have made that remark.

Shortly after I gained the deck, I saw Mr. Allyn and Mr. McGregor come up by the gun-room hatch together, and I felt sure that the former was telling the story of the passage between Byfield and myself on the berth-deck. I saw the lieutenant shake his head, and I fancied that that shake meant something. And so it did; and so I said to Jack Miller, for I had told him how Byfield had hazed me.

Not long after this, Mr. Byfield came up and went to the round-house; and, when he had come out and was standing under the top-gallant forecastle, the first lieutenant came forward and spoke to him:

"Mr. Byfield, will you tell me how the tye is secured to the fore-top-gallant yard?"

Mr. Byfield looked first into the lieutenant's face, and then he tried to bend his neck backward so as to look aloft to the top-gallant yard; but, failing in this, he bent his eyes upon the deck.

"You have studied all that, sir," said McGregor. "Haven't you been through with rigging all the spars?"

"Yes, sir."

"And can't you tell me how the fore-top-gallant tye is secured to the yard?"

The midshipman finally confessed that he did not remember.

"Then, sir," pronounced the first-lieutenant, in a tone far from pleasant, "you will go aloft and find out!"

A shudder crept through the middy's frame as he looked upward and saw how the lofty spars were swaying to and fro against the dark sky. The wind was blowing, the rain was falling; and, as the ship was close-hauled, of course she pitched considerably.

"But, Mr. McGregor," he stammered, "surely you——"

"You heard my order, sir!" broke in his superior, sternly. "Good Lord, sir! in times like these, when we are so short-handed for officers, it becomes necessary that every midshipman should know his duty."

"But, sir, how can my duty——"

"Go along, sir, instantly!" thundered McGregor, "and I'll wait here and hear your report."

"The topgallant tye is lashed onto the yard, sir," gasped the midshipman, at a venture.

"Will you go aloft and make yourself sure?"

The poor fellow dared dally no longer; so he started for the fore-rigging, and was soon making his way slowly and carefully up the shrouds. The ratlines were wet and slippery, and as the ship pitched and rocked, he found himself ever and anon obliged to grasp the shrouds for dear life, and hug the rigging while he caught breath. I could have gone up and down twenty times while he was working his way up to the top-gallant-masthead. But he got up there at length, and came down alive.

"Well, sir, how did you find it?" asked the lieutenant.

"I found it very much as I said, sir," replied the midshipman, doggedly.

Mr. McGregor quivered with anger which he could not conceal.

"By Jove, sir!" he cried, "if you answer me like that again, I'll mast-head you for two hours! Is a thimble and a strap very much like a lashing? And now mark me: If you bear malice for anything of which I have directly been the occasion, you can spit it out on me, if you like to try the experiment; but I'd advise you not to spit it out upon anyone else! You can go, sir!"

George Byfield cast a glance upon me as he turned aft, and anyone who had seen it would have positively declared that there was no love in it. I knew, however, that he could not entertain the thought that I had reported him, so I borrowed no trouble.

For some time the stupid midshipman gave me a wide berth; but gradually he picked up in seamanship and mathematics, and finally, as I always made it a point to salute him civilly when I met him, he came around to be quite agreeable. It was not more than three weeks from that time that he came to me one day, when I was off watch below, and asked me if I knew how to work out angles in trigonometry by logarithms. I told him I did. Then he asked me, would I help him in some of his hard propositions. Of course I was glad to do so.

And from that time Mr. Byfield was as friendly to me as he knew how to be.

The days passed on, and though we had some bad weather, yet we managed to keep our three prizes within signalling distance, and most of the time we had them within hail. On the morning of October twenty-eighth,—and a clear, pleasant morning it was,—we had land upon our starboard bow, and land upon our larboard bow; and the land upon one hand was Africa, and upon the other it was Europe. At eight o'clock, as I came up from breakfast, I saw upon our starboard bow a deep roadstead, and upon its shore a town, with a fort, and with white-washed houses. Jack Miller told me it was Tangier.

"And," he added, "in that bay, my boy, I had the toughest bit of an adventure that ever fell to my lot. My soul! I never think of it but my heart stands still, and the old feelin' of horror comes over me just as it did then, when I thought I'd taken the last look I'd ever catch of the blue sky above me!"

At that moment the shrill pipe of the boatswain broke the air, and the call came:

"*All hands work ship!*"

We were entering the strait, and had a head wind.

"Come, Becket,—we're wanted in the top now. I'll tell ye the story when I get a chance; and if you don't say 'at you'd rather board an enemy's ship in the face of a broadside than to take the place I had then, I'll let the purser's steward stop my grog for a month!"

◆

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOBODY.—Your troubles, to some extent, come from your own thoughtlessness and selfishness. A young man who has a salary of one thousand dollars a year, for performing such duties as yours are, ought to save at least five hundred dollars per annum; and yet you say that you save nothing, and grumble because your father does not help you. Your notion that, "in this busy city it is necessary for a young man to be out evenings, and that he must of course sometimes come home late," is quite fallacious. A young man who, like you, is waiting to get money to complete his scientific education, should stay at home evenings and study, or else go early to bed and be at his books by sunrise in the morning. Your father may have treated you harshly in some respects, but if none of your grounds of complaint is more serious than that furnished by his taking away your meerschaum, which he found you smoking in the street, you have nothing worth complaining about. What business has a young man who can't save any thing out of a thousand-dollar salary to squander his money on meerschaums and turn his means to smoke? You ought to be ashamed of yourself to grumble at your fate, so long as you throw away your money in such useless indulgences. The best thing for you to do is to stick to your books, wear cheap clothes, live on simple, wholesome food, eschew all indulgences, give up all notions of "company" and "style" and save every cent which you are not compelled to use for the decent support of your life. By so doing, you can achieve an honorable independence; otherwise, you may always be a grumbling dependant, as you are now.

C. S., (Memphis.)—There is a catch in the problem which you are having such "a great dispute about," so far as those of you who do not understand the principles of arithmetic are concerned. To multiply five dollars by *five cents* is not the same thing as to multiply five dollars by five. *Five cents* is a fractional part—one-twentieth—of a dollar; so that to multiply five dollars by *five cents* is to multiply five dollars by one-twentieth; and to multiply any number by one-twentieth means to *take* one-twentieth of that number; and one-twentieth of five dollars is twenty-five cents, which is the answer set forth by the schoolmaster. You must remember that numbers, of different denominations or kinds, cannot be multiplied together, or by one another, in the sense which you seem to imagine. For example, fifteen horses cannot be multiplied by ten dogs; nor can five guineas be multiplied by three dollars or six francs. No more can five dollars be multiplied by five cents, in the sense in which you accepted the statement from your friend; though it can easily be done according to the rule for the multiplication of decimals, which you can find in almost any arithmetic, and which you would do well to look at.

ERASTUS.—You should by all means embrace the opportunity offered to you by your employer to go to school five months in every year. To a young man who is eager to learn, such an opportunity is sufficient for the acquisition of a sound education, especially if he improve his evenings and odd moments, during the rest of the year, as he ought to do. Some of our best and greatest men never had so good a chance as that offered to you; and those of your friends who advise you "not to waste your time going to school only five months a year, because you can't learn much in so short a time and will forget what you do learn, between whiles," must themselves be in great need not only of common-school education but also of common sense.

H. O. M.—You will have to learn that seemingly contradictory statements may each be literally true, before you will be able to pass upon such matters as you have been disputing about with your sweetheart. The rebel guerilla referred to may have committed the atrocities laid to his charge during the war, and yet now be the very style of man *at his home in Virginia* which your sweetheart's former schoolmate represents him to be—gentle, affectionate, temperate, kind, and all the rest. A man who is a very lamb, in his own house, in time of peace, may be an utter tiger on the war-path, and commit deeds in the progress of a protracted and embittered strife which make the blood run cold. Byron's Corsair, you know, was

"As *mild a mannered man* as ever cut a throat."

EAST RIVER.—The scene which you describe must have been disgraceful to both parties. A couple of men who had so much of the ruffian and savage in their natures as not to have been able to refrain from a brutal fight on a public conveyance, and in the presence of ladies and children, ought to have been hung over the side of the boat until thoroughly expurgated of their ruffianism.

S. H.—You and your friend are both wrong and wholly astray in your reckoning. The battle of Tippecanoe was fought in the year 1811, and in the month of November, and the Black-Hawk war did not occur till the year 1832. General Hull surrendered Detroit about nine months after General Harrison's victory at Tippecanoe.

S. R.—Your notions of rich men, and of "the sufferings of metropolitan bankrupts who have seen their imperial fortunes wrecked," &c., are quite at variance with the actual facts of the case. Poverty is comparative. The late John Jacob Astor is said to have remarked that "A poor man, worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, who is entirely out of debt, is just as well off as though he were rich." Great capitalists who have been speculation-wrecked in a sudden monetary convulsion, are conventionally regarded as ruined men, and many unsophisticated outsiders doubtless picture them as residing in cheap lodgings and living on coarse fare. But this is rarely the case. Your adventurous financier usually has method in his madness. He generally provides for a stormy day by laying an achor to windward, and, if his argosy goes to pieces, contrives to save enough of the *debris* on a raft to make things pleasant when the tempest is over. As a general thing, when A B is "ruined," it is discovered that Mrs. A B has a "fine fortune of her own," including a city palace and a country residence, with an income sufficient to maintain both in princely style. To fail in business is a sad thing. It hurts an honorable man's pride and affects his prestige as a sagacious "operator," but it must be some consolation to the "lame duck" to have a Pactolean pond left to swim in for the rest of his days.

AMBITIOUS.—This correspondent exposes some singular traits of human nature. He is twenty-one years old, and in love with a girl who loves him in return; he is poor but ambitious; there is a rich old lady (nearly ninety years old) who wants to make him her heir, and for that purpose proposes to marry him and give him a sound matrimonial training, so as to prepare him for wedded life with the girl of his choice. He wants to go to college and prepare himself for "a high and noble career." He and the girl have talked the matter over. They think he might marry the old lady, and go ahead in his scholastic course, and finish *that* about the time she would finish her mortal career. Then, in due season, they could marry, and all would be serene. And yet this young man, who can contemplate such a line of conduct, does not seem to have the slightest suspicion that he is manifesting a most craven and contemptible disposition. Money obtained by such means could not fail to be a curse to him who should be capable of playing such a part. Better live in poverty all one's days than to acquire a dollar by a dishonorable or ignominious course.

LIMITED MONARCHY.—Your array of pretended facts in support of monarchical, and in derogation of republican forms of government, is a delusion and a snare. If you are half as familiar with history as you assume to be, you must know that where one man has been unfairly put to death by the executive of republics, hundreds, yes, thousands, have been doomed to destruction by monarchs. You say that republics have invariably "gone under" in the past. That is true; but what has become of the kingdoms and the empires of the past, also? For every republic that has succumbed to adverse fate, many monarchies have "gone under," and most of them have "gone under bad," too. The fact is, when an American begins to howl for a monarchy, he exposes either his ignorance or his wickedness, and sometimes both.

CINCINNATIAN.—You and your friends have no just grounds for believing that the water supply of New York will ever give out; and any bet on the subject would be as foolish as that made by the two men of old on the longevity of the crow, to wit.: that the crow would or would not live a hundred years,—neither of the betters considering his own slim chance of surviving till the expiration of that period. It has been stated, in reports concerning the plans and operations of our Croton Board, that fifteen supply reservoirs are to be built, as they may be needed, on the property held by the Board, near Croton Lake, the aggregate capacity of which will be over sixty-three billions (63,000,000,000) of gallons. Should this be done, our water supply would be placed beyond all contingencies, barring temporary disarrangements.

CONSTITUENT.—The politician to whom you refer, who argued, "that while the right should be maintained, the interests of the country should not be sacrificed for the purpose of maintaining it," is doubtless one of those men who have scarcely any conscience, and are always ready to sacrifice truth and right to a low expediency. In a high, noble and comprehensive sense, it is impossible for "the right" and the "interests of the country" to be in antagonism. What is not right cannot be for the interest of any country or any individual; although men and nations, blinded by selfishness, not infrequently fancy that a departure from the ways of righteousness will bring them great gain. But the experiment is certain to end disastrously.

O. C. M.—Your snivelling about "men's having to work so much" is a sign of weakness and also of ignorance. If human beings had nothing to do, and could live in the universal idleness for which you sigh, the chances are that the human race would soon go to the dogs. The fact that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,"

would in that case be fearfully exemplified. Work is the great conservative fact and condition of the race.

ILL-USED.—Your temper seems to be too ungovernable to enable you to get along peaceably with anybody. Your verbal assault, as described by yourself, on the mother of the girl to whom you are engaged, was injudicious and indecorous in the highest degree. No possible good could come of it; and we think that any daughter who would tolerate the company of a man who had so insulted and abused her mother would be apt to make a most undesirable wife. The whole family ought to discard you for evermore.

PEPIN.—What business have you to be engaged to a young man to your marriage with whom your parents will not give their consent? A girl under twenty-one years of age has no business to enter into a marriage engagement without first learning that her parents would approve of it. Your best course, under the circumstances, would be to inform your lover that he must either get your parents' consent to the marriage, or else that it will have to be postponed till you become of age.

T. P. M.—The only way for you to ascertain how much thirty-four city lots would cost, at one dollar for the first lot, two dollars for the second, four for the third, and so on, doubling up to the thirty-fourth, is to take pencil and paper and figure it up. It is not a difficult thing to do. You only have to keep multiplying by two all the way up. The price of the last lot would be $8,589,934,592; and the total price of the thirty-four lots would be $17,179,869,183.

DABOLL.—When an entire "Literary Debating Society" gets into a dispute and a muddle about grammatical questions, its members should resolve themselves into a grammar-class and engage the services of some good teacher. We cannot afford to publish a grammatical treatise for the benefit of young men, who, while studying Latin and Greek, are as ignorant of the structure of their native language as you represent the members of your society to be.

STUDENT.—It is true, as you say, that "many of our best speakers and writers modify verbs in the infinitive mood by placing the adverb *between* the sign *to* and the verbal form." We have observed the same thing, of late years, in the writings and speeches of the public men of England; and although a purist would undoubtedly now condemn the practice, its convenience will at last carry the day even with them.

CONY ISLAND.—When a man is escorting ladies, he should by all means keep out of personal encounters. It is doubtless hard for an unregenerate heart to put up with insults; but then, after all, it is good discipline. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

BOOK-KEEPER.—You can gain a "working knowledge" of phonography by buying the necessary books and devoting at least one hour a day to its assiduous cultivation for a year.

REAL ESTATE.—Go into some law-bookstore and ask to see their works on landlord and tenant; and select the one which you can most readily understand.

*,**Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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